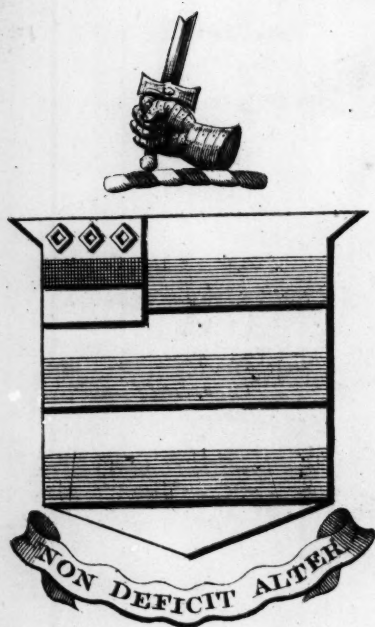


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Stainforth.

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THE
ROYAL CAPTIVES.

VOLUME III.

THE
REVIEWS



III

THE
ROYAL CAPTIVES:

A
FRAGMENT OF SECRET HISTORY.

COPIED FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT,

BY
ANN YEARSLEY.

VOLUME III.

Dear spirit of refinement!
From where thou hast chosen thy pure celestial
dwelling, descend!
From thee, bright form of innocence,
Fly the brutal shadows that darken the bosom of man.
Thine are the grand, the energetic, the invincible;
Thou art the soul of the world!

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATER-NOSTER ROW.

M DCC XCV.

THE
ROYAL CAPTIVES:

ROYAL CAPTIVES

FRAGMENT OF SECRET HISTORY

COPYED FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT

BY

ANN YEARSLY.

PLATE III.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR G. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

M DCCCXXV.

THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

* * * * *

THREE days since, enfeebled nature compelled me to resign my pen : the conflicts of my heart had increased till a burning fever confined me to my pillow, and there my imagination became deranged. To the care of the Cordelier my soul was commended, and this patient minister bore with my ravings till reason returned.—I had railed at the King and the Government ; accused woman, and cursed Dormoud : but my agitation neither disturbed the

Confessor, nor availed with my unhappy lot.—He pitied me, prayed with me, and consoled me, agreeably to the duties of his office ;—in vain ! I was not capable of devotion, and if I had been piously inclined, the Cordelier was the last man in the world who could have taught me to lift my eyes in gratitude to heaven.

Dormoud suddenly departed :—I hoped he had not visited Emily ; as the summons from the Marquis of Louvois was brought by a messenger who waited till the Governor could accompany him back. I enquired the cause of this abrupt message ; which appeared to be rather an arrest by *lettre de cachet*, than a friendly invitation ;—but the Cordelier was reserved, and only informed me, that an insurrection was dreaded in the island, on
account

account of the severities exacted by Le Tellier, and the ambiguous manner in which some of the principal officers were conveyed away—no one knew whither.

‘ The Calvinists, (added the Cordelier,) ‘ are restless :—They have ‘ ever the massacre of St. Bartholomew in remembrance ; and it is ‘ supposed that the Duke of B**** ‘ has emissaries in the *Fronde*, who ‘ will one day raise a commotion in ‘ France.’ The name of the Duke of B****, I thought, gave me new life ;—I started up in the bed, and earnestly requested information concerning him.—The cunning Priest, observing my emotion, dropped the subject. I resolved, however, to begin my train at the furthest end ; and gain, by degrees, on his confidence.

4 THE ROYAL CAPTIVES.

Politics had but poor relish in my confined state—none could help me; and though the Duke of B**** might come to the gates of this castle, still I should be remote, perhaps expiring, at the moment of approaching liberty.—Good Heaven! how insignificant is man rendered by misery.

My heart was full—I wished the Cordelier had been communicative, and addressed him as he sat near me—“Will you prove my friend in
“worldly pursuits, reverend fa-
“ther—if I die, trust me to God.”

‘I am the friend of human nature.’
(replied he calmly) ‘I pardon faults
‘in which I would not indulge my-
‘self: but my more pleasing task is
‘to support virtue.’—

“Then

“ Then take that lady, in the fifth
“ range of apartments, to your care.”

‘ I know her well.’—

“ I have reason to think you love
“ her well too—”

‘ I love her as becomes a friend
‘ and a divine—this is no time to
‘ talk of love.’—

“ I must talk—you must hear me.
“ Death which I have so lately escap-
“ ed, could not shock me but on her
“ account : to leave her a defence-
“ less victim, within these walls !
“ Alone, unbefriended, unsupported,
“ and perhaps a prey to secret love !
“ —O father ! it offers a picture to
“ my soul full of distraction !—Her
“ Father—her fond Father—”

‘What of her Father?’ (said the Cordelier, starting with eager curiosity)—

“Mourns, and will ever mourn
“her loss.—But—” I here made a full stop, and looked at the Priest, not knowing whether I had better proceed.—

When governments are troubled, Party holds high the flaming brand of persecution—burns up the social affection man owes to man—and sheds universal treachery over the blasted earth.

These reflections rushed on my thought—I paused; and forbore to mention the Count de Marfan, who had already been insulted by ministerial arrogance.

‘Her

‘ Her Father !’ (resumed the Cordelier) ‘ speak to me of her Father, is he not in disgrace?—’

“ No ; his exalted spirit soars beyond it.”

‘ What do you think of him ? Can you give me any information ? will you say how his daughter came to this dreadful place ?—Speak ; declare the cause—if possible I will preserve her.’

Still I was irresolute—fearful of endangering my beloved guardian, and of involving him in my hapless destiny, I was silent.

‘ You suspect me, Sir,’ (continued the Priest,) ‘ you are right—the mind is weak which lays open the charac-

‘ter of an old friend, merely to in-
‘gratiate itself with a new one ;—
‘you seem resolved to stand inde-
‘pendent of mankind ; and, if I love
‘you as a friend, I must love you
‘without recommendation, except
‘that of your own worth ; the time
‘will come, when you shall be as-
‘sured of my best opinion.’

“ I must die here, Cordelier—I
“ feel I must !—Why should I live ?
“ —Nature presents but one con-
“ tinued gloom to me.—Take care
“ of that Lady.—Save her from the
“ designs of the Governor ; she may
“ be happy with you, if you can
“ procure her enlargement ; with
“ him she will wither like a rose on
“ the bosom of the dead.”

‘ What dreary madness is this, that
‘ gradually envelopes your reflective
‘ powers ?

‘ powers?—Beware! you have much
‘ more evil to taste; and your soul,
‘ now bending down with melancholy,
‘ will at some sudden circumstance
‘ rush to an extreme!’

“ No—O! no; nothing will agi-
“ tate me more. I am arrived at a
“ state of apathy; my jarring pas-
“ sions are for ever hushed.”

‘ I tell you, young man, should
‘ your spirit, from this dead calm,
‘ attempt to start into exertion, too
‘ forcible for her strength, your deeds
‘ will become wild, strange, and in-
‘ compatible; unequal, fierce and op-
‘ posing are the elements, of which man
‘ is composed; in conformity to those
‘ elements he ever moves; hence, fury
‘ that rushes like a whirlwind through
‘ the veins, when full of passion:
‘ hence, the vacant calm when passion

‘ has subsided ; and hence, the hor-
 ‘ rid imagery of despair, that haunt
 ‘ him when hope is fled.’

“ You cannot preach me into
 “ hope, good Father.”

‘ No ; Hope is coeval with Exis-
 ‘ tence, the soul holds it as her inhe-
 ‘ rittance from God ;—you are, your-
 ‘ self, incapable of extinguishing
 ‘ Hope for ever ; though fled, she
 ‘ must and will return : her lambent,
 ‘ heavenly fires can expire but in
 ‘ death.’

“ Tell me not of Hope ; inflexibly
 “ have I sacrificed to honor : coolly
 “ resigned my richest treasure, and
 “ my despair is holy.”

The Cordelier fixed his eyes on
 me ; I thought they beamed with pla-
 cid commiseration : well might he
 pity me ! with reason might he be
 satisfied

satisfied with the advantages he had gained, in gaining the confidence of my faithless but enchanting Emily! I was, however, in some measure, comforted in recollecting that this man was less dissipated than Dormoud; and that if I was secretly taken from life, he was sufficiently interested to use every effort towards her relief: I therefore changed this topic.—

“ You think the Duke of B****
 “ is leagued with the *Fronde*—My
 “ good friend, have you never heard
 “ how strongly the Abbé Dorovontes
 “ vontes adheres to the Duke?”

‘ The Abbé Dorovontes possesses
 ‘ every moral virtue; he is wise
 ‘ without ostentation; warm without
 ‘ impetuosity; firm without rude-
 B 6 ‘ ness;

‘ nefs; and forbearing without mean-
 ‘ nefs—ſenſible of the diverſifying
 ‘ power of Nature, of the varied
 ‘ forms ſhe takes, of her motions,
 ‘ which appears retrograde to man,
 ‘ whiſt they keep creation in play;
 ‘ he ſtands aloof from the buſy ſcene;
 ‘ obſerves the ſtruggles of his fellow
 ‘ creatures; and ſometimes mourns, but
 ‘ frequently approves machines whoſe
 ‘ ſprings muſt work for certain pur-
 ‘ poſes. The Abbé Dorovontes, if
 ‘ your life is preſerved a little longer,
 ‘ may be known to you. He is
 ‘ worthy your regard; he knows you
 ‘ to be worthy his ſervices.

I was aſtoniſhed at the frankneſs of
 the Cordelier.—

“ Is the Duke of B**** now with
 “ him?”—

‘ He

‘ He is; and both, I hope, will
‘ soon be in this island—business of
‘ the utmost importance; I may add,
‘ of the utmost danger, calls for them
‘ here.’

“ Are you acquainted with my
“ family ?”

‘ I am not to say—’

“ May I be informed of yours ?”

‘ Excuse me.—’

“ Are the friends of the female
“ captive known to you ?”

‘ I must be silent.—’

“ So prudent a father confessor
“ must be highly valuable in society,
“ especially to the ladies.”—

The

The Cordelier smiled, and politely took leave.

I had now made some slight advances towards the friendship of this man, whom I positively admired, and could have loved, if Emily had not loved him; the image of that charming girl, I sometimes thought, haunted me, purposely to torment. If I repelled her, for some moments, she returned triumphantly with double force; and braved the resolves I would not suffer her to conquer. What a state of mind! I often left my chamber, merely to pass her door, and always finding it shut, wished I never had known her—How strange, and how tumultuous are the passions when controuled by Virtue, within the region of Spirit! They rage like murmuring elements, and Death alone can lull them for ever!

Dis-

Disappointed in endeavouring to see Emily, my wishes grew impatient; yet I fancied myself unhappy in having ever seen her—what can induce the heart to practise stubbornness, to try to hate the object of its solicitude? Why will it not melt with the flame that burns it, and instead of striving to torture, fall on the bosom it adores? and, true to Nature, confess its delicate sufferings? What influence through the universe is more noble than love? What can more forcibly tune the powers of eloquence to genuine sensibility? Happy ye who dare to exchange mutually the mutual sentiment!

Thus I reasoned, beneath the pressure of a sick imagination; as I pensively ranged through the several parts of the castle, but the subterraneous

aneous cell had made a more than common impression, and seemed to hold a mysterious intelligence with my inquisitive and joyless spirit. Thither I was now attracted; the day was too far gone; night had darkened the hemisphere, and the great bell of the castle had rang to summon the captives to their lonely pillows—I, therefore, turned to go back to my chamber; in repassing the apartment of Emily, her door opened—a female attendant came out, accompanied by the Deputy Governor; and I made a sudden stop to look at her once more—I only caught a glimpse—it was enough! The enchanting shadows of guiltless love returned!

The confidence with which she had once blessed me, her frankness, her love of truth, and that sublimity
with

with which her whole demeanour was stamped, when she breathed her regard, filled and enraptured my memory—I forgot my prison, forgot the Cordelier, forgot the note of assignation, and lived over the past moments of innocent delight anew.

Dormoud had assured me, my reasonable requisitions would all be fulfilled by his Deputy, and I desired full liberty to visit Emily, as if on Dormoud's account; my request was granted.—Where was virtue now? Where my grand, my proud resolves; where the severe self-denying lessons with which I had been so long tasking my heart? — Gone! abjured! lost in the vortex of impetuous and irresistible wishes.

Besides,

Besides, Emily had braved me; had treated me with indifference, affectation of contempt, and with every symptom of female coquetry; had suffered me to be out-rivalled, had resigned me for the Cordelier, and, by the same charm of variety, might again exchange the Cordelier for me; at worst, I could but tempt her, as the mistress of another—Haughty maid! Human hearts are your sport! —‘ You cannot offend Sir’—these were her words—be it so! I may perchance try your angel-like forbearance, dear Emily.—Villain that I was! thus to justify my own premeditated degradation by vicious sophistry—but this was my moment of weakness, and my wearied soul willingly went down into the snares of temptation planted by Jealousy, Revenge and Despair. Yet I thought
myself

myself very important, very collected and very cunning in this momentary plan of Emily's further destruction; my judgment, I thought, it was impossible for this inconstant to blind, by any asseveration she could make respecting the Cordelier; and I resolved not to mention his name in the course of our conversations.

But what were my resolves? I might have been convinced, by the preceding workings of my several passions, that I was acted upon merely by the effect of the moment; by external objects, and by that natural necessity of things around me, by which all men are governed, independent of their virtues or desires. Thus did I stand, labouring to throw off all sense of my own excellence; and thus do a certain set of men labour

bour to materialize the dignity of the mind by sensual gratifications, till her fine delights fly their vapid feast.—Dormoud had his secret wishes; I had mine; the Cordelier, I believed, was not far behind us. By such an association how was my bosom alternately torn!—I renewed my visit to Emily with an assumed coldness, to which my heart was a stranger—the proud beauty more than equalled me in freezing reserve, but desired me to be seated.—

“ You must have experienced
“ much vicissitude since I last saw
“ you, Emily; my astonishment at
“ meeting you here, can never be
“ heightened by any future occurrence; it is the greatest affliction I
“ can know, since the distresses in
“ which we are plunged, leave me
“ no

“ no power to prove how much I am
 “ your friend.”

She attempted to afford me an approving smile, but her melancholy countenance could not long retain a trait of cheerfulness ; it was quickly over-shaded by Sorrow, when she replied, ‘ your friendship, Henry, I
 ‘ once prized as my supreme blessing ;
 ‘ that time can never return ; I
 ‘ should now think it the contrary, it
 ‘ would prove dangerous to your-
 ‘ self and me.’—“ Perhaps so ; but
 “ trifling dangers have no terrors for
 “ me ; the purpose of this visit is
 “ not to listen to the admonitions
 “ your prudence, or your fears, may
 “ suggest : a man, in my situation,
 “ can find little consolation from ei-
 “ ther.”—

‘ My fears can be of no importance ;
 ‘ but

‘ but I thought Prudence was in every
‘ state valuable.’

“ When was it adhered to in ex-
“ tremes of love or hate ?”—Her an-
swer was a sigh.

“ Can you give me any account
“ of my unfortunate parents.”

‘ I am sorry to inform you, their
‘ fate is hidden from me. The Ab-
‘ bes, with whom I was bred up,
‘ had no single virtue strong enough
‘ to combat her avarice ; her firmest
‘ pretensions to rectitude, melted be-
‘ neath the predominance of gold ;
‘ and she was corrupted by the riches
‘ of Roderique ; this his brother,
‘ Antonio, knew not ; consequently
‘ we were lulled into security, and
‘ all betrayed—you were borne from
‘ the convent, none of us knew whi-
‘ ther. I have seen neither your
‘ worthy

‘ worthy parents, nor my beloved
‘ Father since that fatal night—and
‘ was detained, or rather buried in
‘ that building, near the convent,
‘ for more than four years after you
‘ left it. There Roderique was ad-
‘ mitted—his visits were apparently
‘ respectful; his address approved by
‘ the vitiated Abbess; and, hoping
‘ daily to hear some news of my Fa-
‘ ther, I disguised my sentiments to
‘ receive him with forced politeness
‘ —his attentions soon became more
‘ frequent, his conversation more fa-
‘ miliar; and his manner, through
‘ every successive visit, less becoming
‘ my situation and character. What
‘ sunk me lower in my own estima-
‘ tion was, the neglect with which
‘ the Lady Abbess affected to treat
‘ my morals. She no longer taught
‘ me lessons of female delicacy; no
‘ longer

‘ longer pleaded as a reward for self-
 ‘ denial in this world, the joys of
 ‘ another; her fanaticism died, her
 ‘ visions wanted faith, and the want
 ‘ of faith consequently threw her on
 ‘ the Religion of Nature—this she
 ‘ strongly enforced. Nature, in her
 ‘ idea, formed no indissoluble ties,
 ‘ adhered to no laws, obeyed no
 ‘ obligation nor ever consented to
 ‘ human duty.’

“ She was right, Emily,” (said I
 rather abruptly)—

‘ No Sir, she was wrong: had she
 ‘ argued with me on the great scale
 ‘ of existence, I might have felt the
 ‘ force of her plea; but her partial
 ‘ and narrow argument was for a
 ‘ man, when Nature did not take his
 ‘ part.’

To

To be thus foiled by a girl, made me angry with myself—I began already to lose some of my self-importance.

“ The Cordelier can better teach
“ the Religion of Nature; you may
“ learn more from him, Emily.”—

‘ I hope I shall, he certainly has
‘ a more agreeable method than’—

“ Than whom, madam ? ”—

‘ Than my Lady Abbess, Sir’—

“ Yes, yes,—he certainly has a
“ more agreeable method.—Well—
“ you are blest in such a comforter.
“ May I hope for as—but you were
“ speaking of Roderique.”—

Emily looked at me with attention and surprise.—

“ Fear nothing from me, Emily,
“ —you never met with a friend
“ more discreet, more faithful, more
“ silent”—I would not whisper the
Cordelier’s name.

‘ This meeting, surely, is not
‘ like the former, I begin to think I
‘ never knew you; at least, Sir, I do
‘ not understand you now;—it is no
‘ matter what you are.’—

“ Roderique! — where is Rode-
“ rique? does he live?” said I, with
a revengeful perturbation which I
could not conceal.

‘ I think he does; and the greatest
‘ consolation I can hope for, in this
‘ con-

“ confinement, except what the Cordelier affords—”

“ The Cordelier!—Did I not request you, Emily, not to mention his name?”

“ I did not hear such a request—
“ but you need not be under apprehension. I shall never say too much of him—I am under an obligation to be secret, and I fancy he is as capable of secrecy as of enjoining it, when so necessary.—Yes; secrecy is become necessary to his happiness and mine.”

“ Wonderful audacity!—Roderique, you suppose, still to be living?—Did he delude you from the convent?—He could not pos-

“sibly be the cause of your imprisonment.—”

‘ I fancy you would be right in
‘ condemning him; but as I was go-
‘ ing to say before, the greatest plea-
‘ sure I can experience here, is in the
‘ assurance, that Roderique is unac-
‘ quainted with my fate. When
‘ obliged to receive him in the con-
‘ vent, he grew wild and daring;
‘ and, I believe, by opposing, taught
‘ me courage. My hope of ever be-
‘ ing released gradually died away;
‘ but Contempt and Indignation came
‘ to supply its place. He offered
‘ me all the happiness himself was
‘ capable of tasting, in splendid set-
‘ tlements, and scenes of luxury;
‘ above all, he threatened my vener-
‘ able father, if I persisted in refusing
‘ him.

‘ him. Oh my Father!—my unof-
 ‘ fending Father, look down Angels
 ‘ of mercy! protect him, who will
 ‘ not meanly purchase life!’

• This sudden start of piety, whilst
 her animated eyes were raised to Hea-
 ven, cost me a tear. The Count de
 Marfan was worthy my sympathy,
 and his daughter’s prayer.

‘ My inflexibility’ (continued Emi-
 ly) ‘ increased my sufferings; which
 ‘ were rendered so acute, that the dread
 ‘ of their being known to the world,
 ‘ began to work powerfully on the
 ‘ imagination of the Abbess, and
 ‘ added weight to the chain of con-
 ‘ finement. Every little delicacy was
 ‘ cut off from my table; only a small
 ‘ loaf with water allowed; and even
 ‘ the relief of breathing my sorrows,
 C 3 ‘ denied.

‘ denied. The lay-sisters, who at-
‘ tended, were forbid to converse,
‘ and I was some days shut up in a
‘ room beneath the lower floor of
‘ that adjoining building, in which
‘ you and your company were re-
‘ ceived. From this building there
‘ was a dark passage through the
‘ walls, known only to the nuns, the
‘ Abbess, and the reverend Fathers
‘ who confessed them. I often en-
‘ quired the purpose of this passage,
‘ but was only told, that I must be
‘ a nun, before I explored the holy
‘ mysteries of the convent. I never
‘ supposed their holy mysteries worthy
‘ such a sacrifice; and was contented
‘ with my ignorance. Here, how-
‘ ever, I experienced the extreme ri-
‘ gours of persecution; but what
‘ surprised me most was, that Rode-
‘ rique, who affected to love me with
‘ so ardent a passion, could behold
‘ me

‘ me a victim to so much cruelty.
 ‘ How is it possible to reconcile qua-
 ‘ lities so heterogeneous in the com-
 ‘ position of man ?’

I could not tell ; and Emily went
 on uninterrupted.—

‘ At first, I felt such violent pa-
 ‘ roxysms of impatience, mingled
 ‘ with eager desires of vengeance,
 ‘ that my senses bordered on mad-
 ‘ ness. To my ravings, the Abbess
 ‘ opposed insensibility. When I spoke
 ‘ of my wrongs, she told me they were
 ‘ improving—when I arraigned her
 ‘ justice and her religion, she smiled
 ‘ in triumph at my simplicity.’

‘ Hoary hypocrite !’ said I to her
 one day ; ‘ what will be thy advan-
 ‘ tage, when thy numbered years are
 C 4 gone ?’

' gone? Will the riches of Rode-
 ' rique bribe thy God.—She started;
 ' my impassioned exclamations echoed
 ' through the house; and she, for
 ' once, trembled with the fear of
 ' shame. My fruitless bravery, here,
 ' made a last exertion—I complained
 ' no more; my frame grew weak,
 ' my spirit fainted, and the Abbess
 ' retired to meditate new punish-
 ' ments.

' I now grew listless of all that was
 ' said or done; as the feelings of na-
 ' ture declined, the world with its
 ' load of objects receded, and Refig-
 ' nation lulled me with her drouzy
 ' influence. This torpor was pro-
 ' nounced obstinacy in guilt; and my
 ' late remonstrance, blasphemy. These
 ' accusations were sufficient; and the
 ' Abbess, and the majority of the nuns,
 ' with

‘ with all the parade of self-deceiving
 ‘ righteousness, affected horror; and
 ‘ with malicious lamentation, con-
 ‘ demned me to the four walls.

‘ This was a small prison, built
 ‘ like a square tomb, only that it was
 ‘ ventilated from above; here the
 ‘ hapless maid, who had broken her
 ‘ vow, was shut up for ever; and too
 ‘ often did pity, in the priest, inspire
 ‘ love in the penitent. A lamp, her
 ‘ beads, prayer book, and the cross,
 ‘ were her only comforters; nor was
 ‘ the door unbarred till the agonies of
 ‘ death were over.

‘ In this dismal place I was doom-
 ‘ ed to expire—I did not feel much
 ‘ horror at the sentence. Long suf-
 ‘ fering, and meditation had made
 ‘ the idea of dissolution familiar.

‘ The power of acting beneficially
‘ towards human nature, I thought,
‘ could never be mine; and to draw
‘ on lingering existence, in this state
‘ of stupidity, made me unworthy to
‘ myself.

‘ The morning of my interment
‘ came; I was cloathed in a long
‘ black robe, that swept the pave-
‘ ment; my feet were bare, my lamp
‘ kindled, and the crucifix held high
‘ to warn me of my offences, and of
‘ the expiation not made for me in
‘ vain. Falling before it, I breathed
‘ my hopes—repentance I could not
‘ feel. None could convince me I had
‘ sinned; and, without that convic-
‘ tion, who can repent?—The nuns
‘ were silent; the Abbess stood near;
‘ whilst, with that confidence so na-
‘ tural

‘ tural to my heart, I kneeled, and
‘ adored !—

‘ Eternal Father ! to thee I come !
‘ To thee ! whose awful trial reaches
‘ the ends of existence ; whose power
‘ was never perfectly known ; whose
‘ will was never perfectly understood ;
‘ whose attributes are feebly conceived
‘ by presumptuous man — receive me !
‘ Open thy merciful bosom ! and
‘ let my panting soul find shelter
‘ from the justice, religion, and vir-
‘ tue of my fellow-creatures :—

‘ Heretic !’ said the Lady Abbess,
‘ audacious and profane—I will hear
‘ no more.’

‘ The nuns assisted in raising my
‘ feeble frame from the floor ; pity
C 6 ‘ stood

‘ stood in their eyes, independent of
 ‘ human custom.

‘ Lead on, seducer of thy sex,’
 said I to the Lady Abbess, looking at
 her with firmness; ‘ revenge trembled
 ‘ on her lips, and darted o’er her
 ‘ features. She did not answer me,
 ‘ whilst the nuns arranged themselves
 ‘ around me, resolving to awaken all
 ‘ that was soft and sensible in my
 ‘ bosom. Cruel preparation!—Why
 ‘ are fine torments contrived for a
 ‘ dying heart? Why will man throw
 ‘ his brother back on remembrance,
 ‘ when the images of memory are
 ‘ soon to cease for ever? Yet such
 ‘ is the false humanity of the world.
 ‘ When a victim is condemned, offi-
 ‘ cious care, and fruitless friendship,
 ‘ open every avenue, whereby afflic-
 ‘ tion may find the soul!—Thus was

“ I detained whilst the grand organ,
 ‘ and all the solemn music, appointed
 ‘ for religious purposes, accompanied
 ‘ the voices of the nuns, in the fol-
 ‘ lowing anthem.—

‘ Spirits of fainted forms ! who glide along ;
 ‘ Should you remember when ye blest’d these
 ‘ walls,
 ‘ Inspire our souls to raise the sacred song,
 ‘ And hail the holy, when a sinner falls.
 ‘ O breathe deep horror and impress awe
 ‘ On her, who boldly spurns each binding
 ‘ law.

C H O R U S.

‘ Slowly—slowly notes of sorrow,
 ‘ Thro’ the solemn vault resound ;
 ‘ Sooth this victim, who to-morrow,
 ‘ Shall not ’mid our choir be found.

 ‘ Once more ! once more ! behold the cheer-
 ‘ ful sun ;
 ‘ Ere from the world thou turn thy joyless
 ‘ eyes,

 ‘ Ere

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' Ere thy few ebbing sands of life are run,
 ' Own thy offence and echo back our sighs,
 ' Or down for ages sinks thy guilty shade,
 ' Till purified by pain, thou call on hea-
 ' ven for aid.

CHORUS.

' Slowly—slowly notes of sorrow,
 ' 'Thro' the sacred vault resound,
 ' Sooth this victim, who to-morrow,
 ' Shall not 'mid our choir be found.'

' This dreadful pomp was too op-
 ' pressive; my tears would flow, as
 ' the nuns severally took my hand,
 ' and wished my immortal spirit an
 ' easy separation—It was agony!—I
 ' had, a few moments before, braved
 ' the horrors of death; and now flood-
 ' dissolved by the power of music,
 ' aided by that enthusiastic delusion,
 ' which played only with my passions.
 ' My fortitude forsook me; every
 ' long-

‘ long-lost object, every soft idea, re-
‘ turned upon my memory as if new-
‘ ly awakened, and roused from ob-
‘ livion. I even became desirous of
‘ life; music had given my mind ener-
‘ gy, my heart tenderness; I began
‘ to expostulate—when, to my alto-
‘ nishment, the nuns condemned me,
‘ for violating virtue with Rode-
‘ rique—what a stroke was this!—I
‘ was not prepared for it, but knowing
‘ the Lady Abbess to be my cunning
‘ accuser, and those passive creatures
‘ to be blindly prejudiced, I scorned
‘ to defend myself. This sentence
‘ was doubly unjust.—I was only in a
‘ state of probation—death, for such
‘ a crime, was to be inflicted on those
‘ who had taken the vows—I had not
‘ taken the vows; but was falling a
‘ sacrifice to many, whose erring opi-
‘ nions were against me. I, therefore,
‘ took

' took up the cross—the waning lamp,
 ' (emblem of life) was borne before
 ' me—I had cast a lingering look on
 ' those nuns, I once loved, and was
 ' hastening to my last chamber, when
 ' Roderique entered, accompanied by
 ' the Governor of this castle. Rode-
 ' rique, I believe, had not only
 ' bought the Abbess, but her menials;
 ' but none of us were apprised of this
 ' abrupt visit—the nuns, who rather
 ' than touch the hand of a man,
 ' would have plunged into a boiling
 ' cauldron, disappeared in a moment
 ' through the private communication
 ' in the wall, which led secretly to
 ' the convent; and whilst Roderique,
 ' without noticing me, led the Ab-
 ' bess to a small distance—his friend
 ' stayed me from following the
 ' nuns.—

' Where,

‘ Where, in the name of almighty
‘ love, could Roderique strike on so
‘ much beauty!’ said this Governor
with the most consummate boldness.
—‘ I would have passed him, he
‘ would not permit me—language
‘ was not worthy my ideas, and I
‘ stood looking on the earth in pro-
‘ found stupor.—

‘ She must not go,’ (said the Ab-
bess loud enough to be heard) ‘ it
‘ is too late; I have my reasons.—’

‘ By heaven! she shall go—’ (re-
plied Roderique.)

‘ What will you do with my re-
‘ putation?—’

‘ Buy it.—’

‘ I ad-

‘ I admire the laconicism of Roderique, (resumed the Governor),
 ‘ in matters of business.—’

‘ Come, come,’ (continued Roderique) ‘ your qualms of sick reputation will soon cease—what penance
 ‘ are you enjoining that lady ? How
 ‘ in the name of the devil, can you
 ‘ so delight in human misery—’

‘ She deserves more penance than
 ‘ I can invent,’ replied the hardened old woman.

‘ So do I.—Will you allow me to
 ‘ suffer with her?—I would kneel
 ‘ beside her, sigh, reckon my beads,
 ‘ and look up to Heaven devoutly.—’

‘ Sir—she must—’

‘ Madam,

‘ Madam, I must—here—here you
 ‘ have been virtuous long enough;
 ‘ live upon this, it will bear your ex-
 ‘ pences to Heaven—a wiser Abbess
 ‘ for the happiness of mankind, I
 ‘ believe superstition never produ-
 ‘ ced.—’

‘ This imperious and daring lan-
 ‘ guage of Roderique was accompa-
 ‘ nied with a heavy purse of gold,
 ‘ which the Abbess accepted with
 ‘ christian-like humility.

‘ The attention of Dormoud was
 ‘ drawn imperceptibly towards those
 ‘ disputants, whilst I waited silently,
 ‘ the further working of my mysterious
 ‘ fate.—Why was I not created with
 ‘ more repelling force? Why am I
 ‘ thus to be acted upon by others?

‘ Who,

‘ Who, after such a series of afflicting
‘ restraint would boast of WILL!—’

‘ My reflections were broken by
‘ Roderique, who came forward and
‘ addressed me :—

‘ Angelic creature ! in what could
‘ you offend this—heavens ! Emily !
‘ can it be you ? Beldam !’ (turning
‘ to the Abbess) ‘ I will have thee bro-
‘ ken on the wheel.—’

‘ She started back, no attendants
‘ were near, and, overcome by ter-
‘ ror, she reclined on a green cushion,
‘ beneath the image of Pope Inno-
‘ cent.—’

‘ Delay not a moment,’ (continued
‘ Roderique) ‘ forgive me, Emily ;
‘ I will

‘ I will yet atone for the injuries
‘ you have suffered.—’

‘ An Angel’s voice could not have
‘ breathed more melody than that of
‘ Roderique, softened by contrition
‘ —I was much in his power, and
‘ hoped Virtue had broken in upon
‘ his mind to plead for me. This
‘ idea gave me a taste of that plea-
‘ sure which Hope inspires when it
‘ returns to a bosom wasted by De-
‘ spair.—

‘ Without hesitation I was ushered
‘ into a chaise, which immediately
‘ drove from the gate ; leaving the
‘ Lady Abbess gazing with pious
‘ fervor on the image, and throwing
‘ her sins on the infallibility of Pope
‘ Innocent.

‘ Du-

‘ During our ride, which lasted
‘ through the day, and the following
‘ night, Roderique and Dormoud
‘ conversed on different topics. The
‘ latter mingled much vivacity with
‘ experience; and his opinions, in
‘ metaphysical reasoning, bordered
‘ on that infinity of conjecture which,
‘ whilst it throws up endless ideas,
‘ swallows the customs of society,
‘ and leaves the mind nothing valuable
‘ on which to fix her base of
‘ rectitude.

‘ Self-collection, and tranquillity,
‘ began now to steal upon me. I was
‘ treated with polite respect, and these
‘ were the first hours of complacency
‘ I had for a long time passed.—Dawn
‘ was busy in putting back the night,
‘ when we entered an enchanting wood.
‘ The feathered

'thered songsters, from every bough,
 'tuned the melting cadences of uni-
 'versal love, and the contented ox
 'lay chewing his cud in the midst
 'of varied flowers, enjoying Nature
 'like a lazy god.

'The chaise stopped; Roderique
 'and his friend alighted, handed me
 'down, and an old lady received
 'me into an old house, for whose
 'furniture and trappings an auc-
 'tioneer would not have given twenty
 'guineas. In this matron's face,
 'however, simplicity sat—(at least I
 'thought so) her manner was invit-
 'ing, her words devoid of art. To
 'her care I was commended; and,
 'on a little pallet, tasted repose.

'That I did not shriek, faint,
 'wring my hands, tear my hair, and
 'call

‘ call on Heaven and earth for help,
‘ according to the privilege of my
‘ sex, established now and for ever,
‘ you will perhaps be surprized. To
‘ whom could I complain? to Roderique? I knew him too well. To
‘ Dormoud? I knew him not—and,
‘ to escape one libertine by putting
‘ myself in the power of another,
‘ would have argued no sound policy.
‘ If I had a deplorable choice, my
‘ advantage lay with Roderique—
‘ he talked of atonement; he had,
‘ by chance, saved my life; and
‘ chance might yet save me from
‘ him—at least I could form no plan
‘ of security at this dreadful crisis.

‘ Raising my head, to take a view
‘ of my apartment, I was surprized
‘ at seeing my windows grated with
‘ iron. Food was brought me—I
‘ could

‘ could not eat.—The night passed
 ‘ away. I had not undressed, and
 ‘ the good woman of the house visit-
 ‘ ed me in the morning, hoping I
 ‘ had rested well.—

‘ Better than I expected—Why
 ‘ am I brought hither? Can you in-
 ‘ form me?—

‘ Only to grow better, madam.’

‘ Better!—Observing Marizeme (so
 ‘ was this person called) knew as
 ‘ little of my business as I did my-
 ‘ self, I forbore to question her; but
 ‘ though we were silent, her eyes,
 ‘ when she looked at me, indicated
 ‘ terror. To the singular appear-
 ‘ ance of my black mantle I imput-
 ‘ ed her awe; and resolved to seize
 ‘ some future opportunity of gaining

‘ her confidence and dispelling her
 ‘ fears. A tap at the door relieved
 ‘ my silence—it was given by a young
 ‘ maid, who brought me a note from
 ‘ Roderique, which was couched in
 ‘ nearly the following words :

‘ DEAR CREATURE, 23d July, 1684.

‘ FORGET the bitter hours you
 ‘ have unavailingly spent in the con-
 ‘ vent! My soul is yours; her best
 ‘ sentiments, her exalted virtue,
 ‘ yours. You have made me a pro-
 ‘ felyte; the church shall sanctify
 ‘ my vows, and bless your repenting
 ‘ Roderique.’

‘ Without waiting my answer, he
 ‘ immediately fet off, accompanied
 ‘ by Dormoud. What new scheme
 ‘ was forming I could not con-
 ‘ jecture; danger was on every side;
 ‘ its

' its prospect uniform wherever I
 ' turned. Disconsolate as I was, a
 ' faint ray of comfort came with the
 ' thought of my being relieved from
 ' the presence of Roderique—the
 ' interval, till his return, would be
 ' mine; and hope hastily enlivened
 ' my ideas.—Casting my eyes again
 ' on his note, I started with agitation
 ' from my seat.—

' The church sanctify his vows!
 ' —The church! —foolish man!
 ' Poor credulity of the human race!
 ' in supposing the church can render
 ' holy the forced engagement—No
 ' —the altar, with Roderique, would
 ' inspire me with reprobation. Great
 ' Power! Is it possible thou canst
 ' behold with pleasure, the female
 ' heart sacrificed to human design;
 ' whilst

‘ whilst Presumption sets thy holy seal
‘ on murdered peace !—

‘ Pardon me, Sir ! I cannot advert
‘ to the ideas then passing through
‘ my mind, without deploring an
‘ institution so frequently profaned.

‘ Let Misery come, said I, to Ma-
‘ rizeme, I will not meet it ; I will
‘ not suffer my imagination to antici-
‘ pate, or dress in vision, Woe, which
‘ never shall be realised by my mar-
‘ riage with Roderique.—

‘ Marriage with your brother, Ma-
‘ dam !—Bless me, your fits are very
‘ violent—I must call Arrette.’—

‘ The simple Marizeme did not
‘ understand my mode of exclaim-
‘ ing ; and hastened down the stairs,
‘ fully

' fully persuaded, I believe, that my
 ' fits were of the maniac kind;
 ' though so full of affliction, I could
 ' not help smiling at her innocent
 ' fearfulness.

' When alone, I walked the room
 ' for some minutes, my rapid mo-
 ' tion proclaimed the tumult of the
 ' world within me; but I soon re-
 ' covered from the delirium into
 ' which Roderique had thrown me,
 ' by exciting the idea of an union
 ' with him.

' The little pictures, hung in pre-
 ' cise order round the white-limed
 ' walls, arrested my attention—here
 ' was a Socrates, inflamed with pas-
 ' sion, beating a quiet Xantippe—a
 ' Pythagoras creeping through the
 ' mouth of a sea-porpoise—a Plato

‘ chaceing smoke—an Epictetus reck-
‘ oning the atoms which compose the
‘ Appennines; and an Epicurus pant-
‘ ing on a bed of roses to prove
‘ pleasure the greatest good.—

‘ From whose satirical touch those
‘ pieces claimed their origin, I would
‘ willingly have known—my curiosi-
‘ ty signified nothing, the burlesque
‘ afforded mirth—it is wonderfully
‘ contrived by the Power who made
‘ us to its will, that a trifle should
‘ sometimes relieve the soul when her
‘ burthen of affliction seems to the
‘ weight of that trifle a million to
‘ one—but so it is.—

‘ I now approached the grated
‘ window to gaze over the adjacent
‘ scene: through the nodding groves
‘ broke the lawn, and a neighbour-
‘ ing

' ing brook gave responses to the
 ' lowing herds. As I stood contem-
 ' plating the tranquillity of the land-
 ' scape, I observed a man, whom I
 ' took to be a Pilgrim, searching the
 ' hedges with care. I supposed he
 ' was culling medicinal herbs, or ga-
 ' thering berries. His placid man-
 ' ner won me to his fortunes; and,
 ' I must confess, his appearance
 ' caused more than common emo-
 ' tion in my bosom, as he sat him-
 ' self down on a stone beneath my
 ' window.—

' Poor Pilgrim, said I, is thy
 ' path through the world more thorny
 ' than mine! The question affected
 ' my fancy, and as he sat, I drew
 ' him with my pencil in poesy.—

THE PILGRIM.

- Wander! — nor pause within the haunt of
man;
The brook and bramble yield repast to
thee,
Whose soul hath form'd her solitary plan,
To whom wild nature yields her region
free.
The rising sun is thine, the fultry noon,
Grey-footed morning, and the evening
star;
The midnight shadow, when the silent moon,
Half-horn'd on ending space, is seen afar.
Thine virgin-dew; reviving Zephyr thine:
Round thee the fragrance of the valley
plays;
To thee, the thunder rolling o'er the line,
Affords but mimic horror and decays.
Thou, blest by heav'nly patience, here lies
down
On bed of new-mown hay, or fern, or
fod;
Thy temples seem to wear an azure crown,
Thy dreams point upward to a smiling
God.
Grant

- ‘ Grant these fair visions vanish with the
‘ night,
- ‘ What sensual banquet yields so pure a
‘ joy ;
- ‘ Thy heart beats humbly, full of fine de-
‘ light,
- ‘ Thy mem’ry holds it,—for it ne’er can
‘ cloy.
- ‘ Dear envy’d Pilgrim! travel on, nor know
‘ My deep affliction—liberty be thine!
- ‘ To old Jerusalem, or Mecca go!
‘ And lay thy off’ring at some holy shrine.
- ‘ Be it an apple, bracelet, sigh, or tear,
‘ No matter; each a tribute of thy love;
- ‘ Angels will wait thy weary soul to cheer,
‘ And waft thy incense to the throne above.
- ‘ I ended my little poem, and was
‘ gazing stedfastly on the interesting
‘ object who had inspired it, when
‘ he cast his eyes up towards me—
‘ what sympathy! what exquisite
‘ pity his features conveyed! I felt all
‘ he could wish me to feel—

“Emily” (said I, interrupting her) “was this supposed Pilgrim the “Cordelier?”—

“It was.”—

“Go on, if you please; I shall wonder no more at your warm descriptions, when the Cordelier is your subject.”—

“His face wore the bloom of youth though half concealed by a beard of unusual length, which this state of mortification had not impaired. His manner was easy and attractive; he smiled, crossed himself, and waved his hand towards the opposite hill: by which sign I supposed he meant to ask me if I wished to escape.—

“I an-

‘ I answered, by laying my hand
 ‘ to my bosom, shaking my head,
 ‘ and pointing to the firmament ; be-
 ‘ yond which, I would have implied,
 ‘ was my place of rest.—He arose,
 ‘ bowed, and knocked at the door—
 ‘ what his business was with Mari-
 ‘ zeme, I knew not. My window
 ‘ was too high for me to hear their
 ‘ conversation. The Cordelier (for
 ‘ so he proved to be) soon ended it ;
 ‘ gave me a parting look, and went
 ‘ on. My eyes followed him till he
 ‘ was lost in the thick wood ; I turned
 ‘ from the grate, sat pensively down,
 ‘ and reflected on the inquietude of
 ‘ animated nature.—The bird, the
 ‘ fish, the beast, and man, equally
 ‘ appear to have pursuits fitted to
 ‘ their share of intelligence. Are
 ‘ they self-impelled, or are they made
 ‘ to run the road of existence for a

‘ given age, and to drop so lightly
 ‘ into visible parts, that the dissolu-
 ‘ tion of millions of bodies weakens
 ‘ not the great chain of crea-
 ‘ tion?—

‘ Having proposed myself this
 ‘ question, I sat very composedly, as
 ‘ if waiting an answer—when Mari-
 ‘ zeme came up, followed by Arrette
 ‘ her maid, and two sturdy husband-
 ‘ men, whose honesty of soul was
 ‘ strongly impressed on their sun-
 ‘ burnt faces—a wild unsatisfied kind
 ‘ of compassion played in their eyes,
 ‘ I observed, and returned their awk-
 ‘ ward politeness as they entered;
 ‘ but could not account for the num-
 ‘ ber of bandages they held in their
 ‘ hands.—What is the matter, Mari-
 ‘ zeme? said I smiling, why am I
 ‘ honored

‘ honored with the company of these
‘ good men ?’—

‘ Your brother, madam, ordered
‘ me to confine you, if I saw your
‘ fits coming on ; and when I left
‘ you, I thought you were raving.’

‘ Here was an hair-breadth ‘scape.
‘ —I found myself in a situation to
‘ be chastised into civility and mode-
‘ ration ; and if reason never whis-
‘ pered to me before the imbecility
‘ of complaint, Marizeme was re-
‘ solved to teach me now by practi-
‘ cal demonstration.

‘ Dear Marizeme,’ said I, ‘ my
‘ brother, as you term him, is more
‘ mad than I am—I am not mad !’

‘ God bless ye, madam,’ said one
‘ of

of the men, ' you do not look
' much like a mad woman.—Arrette
' came to us in the wheat-field, and
' said Marizeme would be torn in
' pieces, by a turbulent lady, if we
' did not leave our work instantly and
' come and tie her.'

' Go back to your wheat-field,
' honest men, take this piece of mo-
' ney, drink my health at your har-
' vest dinner, and wish me happier
' hours'—

' And so we will.—Come, Barrellé,
' leave Marizeme her bandages, and
' let us go.'

' With as much politeness, and I
' believe more manly pity than they
' had entered with, those harmless
' countrymen departed.

' Thus

' Thus did mere common sense
 ' combat an adventure which, if its
 ' progress had continued, would have
 ' become formidable, and even fa-
 ' tal to my better wishes.

' Marizeme and Arrette, at my in-
 ' vitation, were seated; I having been
 ' so lately convinced that sentimental
 ' harangues were of no force here,
 ' was at a loss to begin a conversa-
 ' tion which might interest or please
 ' my visitants, and both sat silent as
 ' if they expected me to draw out
 ' their ideas, of which I had not the
 ' clue.—After we had all looked long
 ' enough at the fire, I cast my eyes
 ' round the room, and broke the aw-
 ' ful stillness.—What would those
 ' pretty pictures represent? Do you
 ' know, Marizeme?'

' O yes

‘ O yes madam, exceedingly well—
‘ the first is one of our justices beat-
‘ ing his wife; and his maxim, was
‘ that every man may do it—the se-
‘ cond, madam, is Jonah coming out
‘ of the whale’s belly, and—’

‘ Nay, Marizeme, your whale is a
‘ porpoise!—Marizeme looked at me
‘ with all the conscious dignity of
‘ contradicted ignorance.’

‘ I hope you will allow me to be
‘ the best judge, who have had the
‘ pictures in possession since the time
‘ of my grandfather;—but—I hope,
‘ madam, your fits are not coming
‘ on!’

‘ O, no! Marizeme—it is a whale,
‘ —yes, yes, I perceive you are
‘ right—it must be a whale.—’

‘ And

‘ And that man is Jonah ?’

‘ And that man is Jonah.’

‘ The third, madam, is a man running to quench a fire—Here you see is the smoke.—’

‘ But I do not see the fire—’

‘ Because ’tis out.’

‘ Very good.—’

‘ The fourth, madam, you see is a conjuror. He is dividing this large parcel of flour, grain by grain, and when he has done, he will join them all together again, and make a pudding !’

‘ But

‘ But when will he have done, Marizeme?—’

‘ Soon as Good pleases—all in good time.—’

‘ Right—But who is this meagre gentleman expiring, or panting on a bed of roses?’

‘ That is Cardinal *****, who ran as long as he could, and so laid down to rest!’

‘ Your’s are charming explanations, Marizeme; pray how far off is your church?’

‘ A short mile.’

‘ May I go thither?’

‘ When

‘ When your brother returns.—’

‘ I may have no Brother ! no Father ! no Friend ! You see me an unhappy prisoner, Marizeme, and if you will not give me liberty, you may give me comfort !—’

‘ Busy memory so rapidly brought back the past, I could say no more ; the tears I would have concealed were due to my Father.’

‘ Now you are restless again ! Try to compose yourself, and you shall walk in the garden with Arrette. What does it signify to be always vexing yourself—Indeed you will never be well if you give way to these wild speeches and passions ; besides you frighten me.’

‘ Well,

‘ Well, well, Marizeme,’ said I, drying my eyes and collecting myself, ‘ You shall not be frightened, but do not take it into your head that I am mad !’

‘ The imposition Roderique had laid on this woman’s credulity, was no strong proof of his penitence ; it agreed poorly with the language of his letter ; but it blasted that confidence he had in some degree awakened in my bosom, and made me alive to future machinations.—

‘ Have you any Pilgrims in these parts, Marizeme ?’

‘ Yes, madam ; one came to my door but now.—’

‘ Poor man ! had I been near, he should

‘ should not have wandered on broken
‘ heartedly.—’

‘ No more he did—Arrette gave
‘ him a little loaf, and in return he
‘ gave me this relic.’

‘ What is it? Marizeme—may I
‘ look at it?’

‘ Certainly—is it not valuable?’

‘ But what did he say it was?’

‘ The little toe nail of Saint Luke.’

‘ ’Tis the nail of a monkey.—

‘ What!—Heaven defend me!—
‘ when did you see the nail of a mon-
‘ key like the little toe-nail of Saint
‘ Luke?’

‘ When

‘ When did you see the little toenail of Saint Luke, like the nail of monkey.’

‘ I never did.’

‘ Nor ever can : hang it with a black ribband round your neck, Marizeme, and pray to Saint Luke.’

‘ I will ! I surely will ! Lord, madam, what should we be if it was not for our Saints.’

‘ Just as we are Marizeme. But there can be no harm in praying to Saint Luke ; for if you waste your time you may warm your heart.

‘ Marizeme said nothing to this ; and young Arrette was half off the chair in a sound sleep : the former
‘ was

‘ was pleased with her relic ; the lat-
 ‘ ter arose, dropped me a low curtsy,
 ‘ and hoping to God I never should
 ‘ be quite mad, withdrew with her
 ‘ mistress.

‘ It is impossible long to support
 ‘ conversation with a mind whose
 ‘ sentiments are uncongenial, un-
 ‘ equal, or untaught ; jarring with
 ‘ the force of habit, irregular and
 ‘ inconclusive ; the images of such
 ‘ a mind are hastily left unfinish-
 ‘ ed, uncouth, and stubborn ; yet
 ‘ are ever bent on impressing them-
 ‘ selves on the minds of others.
 ‘ This mental victory, Marizeme
 ‘ supposed she had gained—I did not
 ‘ undeceive her ; it was a harmless
 ‘ gratification, it cost me nothing,
 ‘ why should she not enjoy it ? For
 ‘ myself, I had not dared to plead ;

Marizeme

‘ Marizeme would not be convinced
 ‘ that Roderique was not my bro-
 ‘ ther; consequently my solemn avow-
 ‘ al, that I never would marry him
 ‘ had only strengthened her idea
 ‘ of my insanity, and there re-
 ‘ mained no method of proving the
 ‘ sobriety of my understanding, but
 ‘ that of obeying hers; I therefore
 ‘ submitted to what she approved,
 ‘ and covered with silence truths
 ‘ she would not admit.

‘ When alone, how different were
 ‘ my ideas! How sacred to remem-
 ‘ brance, how strongly drawn towards
 ‘ the objects I had lost!—Surely so-
 ‘ litude is the souls home! She has
 ‘ no other; even when her finest
 ‘ energies go forth in love or friend-
 ‘ ship; and by placing her happiness
 ‘ in the power of others, she robs
 ‘ herself;

‘ herself; yet she pursues that hap-
‘ piness by the strength of imagina-
‘ tion; and loves the shadow never
‘ to be overtaken; till finding her
‘ folly too late, she returns to solitude
‘ and reflection. Bereft of her plea-
‘ sing visions, and enfeebled with her
‘ chace, here she slumbers awhile
‘ in the torpor occasioned by her loss;
‘ but if she has been used to con-
‘ template Nature on a general scale,
‘ if she has struggled to convince
‘ herself that ACTION must cease,
‘ were not her intellectual powers,
‘ together with those of animated
‘ nature, formed to taste of pleasure
‘ and combat pain, she will in so-
‘ litude recover strength; again
‘ plume her wings of fancy re-invi-
‘ gorated, share with placidity the
‘ sweets of existence, and look with

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‘ benignity on the group who never
‘ ask more than the senses afford.

‘ These reflections were naturally
‘ the effects of my secluded habit;
‘ but I cannot help thinking, that
‘ whilst we are progressive in what
‘ we deem VIRTUE, we are every
‘ hour more callous to the rod of
‘ accidental misery.

‘ Thus I spent day after day, some-
‘ times much depressed, at others
‘ fancifully gay; but when permitted
‘ to walk with Arrette in the garden,
‘ even the beds of flowers, and the
‘ melody of the adjacent woods,
‘ raised my aspiring spirit to the Au-
‘ thor of eternal Love.

‘ I had not seen Roderique from
‘ the time I entered this house. Un-
‘ common

' common occurrences had at length
 ' taught me to meet them self-col-
 ' lectedly, and I hoped some favour-
 ' able chance that had retarded his
 ' return, might throw up others that
 ' would retard it for ever.—Elated
 ' with this hope, I began to smile at
 ' fortune, and to think of means of
 ' compassing my escape.—Arrette was
 ' but a girl, stoutly formed, of gen-
 ' tle temper, attentive to affliction
 ' when it wooed her unguarded heart,
 ' nor knew how to hide her feelings
 ' in affected pride; perhaps the great-
 ' est faults youth is accused of, are
 ' those of flexibility: but whether
 ' Arrette would sin, in favouring my
 ' escape, I resolved to leave to the
 ' decision of Heaven; and frequently
 ' lured her into the garden hoping to
 ' effect my purpose.

‘ Sitting at my window one morn-
 ‘ ing, I watched the increasing
 ‘ blushes of the east, as the sun
 ‘ arose; at first his golden rays ti-
 ‘ midly broke through the clouds;
 ‘ as he boldly threw his glory around,
 ‘ they vanished; and life and beauty
 ‘ opened to his effulgence. As I
 ‘ contemplated Nature, thus awaken-
 ‘ ing from the lethargy of the
 ‘ night, a ruddy milk maid came
 ‘ through the wood; her cattle were
 ‘ grazing in a pasture on the left side
 ‘ of Marizeme’s dwelling, and she
 ‘ was obliged to pass the door.—I
 ‘ thought to arrest her attention, and
 ‘ by signs excite her compassion;
 ‘ but she tripped on too quickly. I
 ‘ was, however, compensated for my
 ‘ disappointment, when drawing her
 ‘ cloaths gently above her ankle to
 ‘ save them from the dew, she kneel-

‘ ed beneath her friendly cow and
 ‘ fang—

‘ Ah Larian! when at early dawn,
 ‘ The darkling shadows flee,
 ‘ I shiv’ring tread the dewy lawn,
 ‘ And sigh and think on thee.

‘ I see thee in the purling stream!
 ‘ I see thee glide away!
 ‘ I see that life is all a dream,
 ‘ And pleasure will not stay.

‘ My mother cries, dear Aura say,
 ‘ Why are thy looks so pale?
 ‘ I dare not own, whilst thou’rt away,
 ‘ My heart will ever ail.

‘ The morning sun is like thine eyes,
 ‘ Ere rainy show’rs come on,
 ‘ And Nature, like thy Aura dies,
 ‘ The Sun and Larian gone!

‘ She arose to depart; I prayed
 ‘ for the return of her Larian. Be
 E 3 ‘ happy!

‘ happy ! artless maid ! Thou canst
‘ well teach the lesson of equality.
‘ Who could vie with thee in genu-
‘ ine pleasure, hadst thou thy Lari-
‘ an ?—She repassed my window ; I
‘ expected her return in the even-
‘ ing, and wrote a few lines with my
‘ pencil, describing my injuries and
‘ oppressive situation, and requesting
‘ some account of my fate might be
‘ transmitted to the Count de Mar-
‘ fan. This little billet I tied round
‘ with a bit of Arrette’s blue ribband,
‘ intending to throw it at the feet of
‘ the young maid ; to attract, if pos-
‘ sible, her notice as she went on.
‘ Anxiously did I watch the busy
‘ sands of Marizeme’s hour-glass
‘ through the day ; indulging hope,
‘ and forming schemes of liberty,
‘ which I could not even in imagi-
‘ nation compleat. The sun, to my
‘ eager

' eager wishes, appeared to be tardy
 ' in his career; I blessed his beams
 ' as they stole from the Horizon;
 ' and, looking towards the wood,
 ' saw the wished-for damsel return-
 ' ing to fill her pail. As she came near-
 ' er, I lifted the window, and struck
 ' the grate; she only looked up, and
 ' was hastening on, when I threw
 ' down my little billet. The wind
 ' carried it over her head, without her
 ' perceiving it—how great was my dis-
 ' appointment? How exquisitely did
 ' my heart suffer at this moment?
 ' The danger I had exposed myself
 ' to, should Marizeme or Arrette go
 ' out whilst the paper lay near the
 ' door, was inconceivable. The lit-
 ' tle indulgence I had been treated
 ' with, I knew would be cut off; and
 ' should Roderique become acquaint-
 ' ed with the circumstance, it might

‘ hasten his villainous design. This
‘ train of gloomy ideas rushed upon
‘ my mind; I was sensible no power
‘ of withstanding the event lay with
‘ me, and sat down with my eyes
‘ fixed on the billet as it lay on the
‘ earth. I had not remained long
‘ in this hopeless attitude, before I
‘ saw the Cordelier, advancing slowly
‘ round the foot of the hill.—
‘ Pleasurable sensations in a moment
‘ filled my bosom; I felt a delight,
‘ mingled with wishes, that might
‘ have borne me to his arms, had I
‘ not been restrained—I—’

“ By heaven! Emily” (said I interrupting) “ you refine upon love
“ till you dissolve me with the warmth
“ of your own ideas—is this the
“ principle I once adored in you?”

‘ Yes;

“ Yes; and its sublimity claims
 “ your adoration, though its purity
 “ rejects your offering.—

“ Insulting ! daring !—but an hour
 “ will come—”

“ When I will command you,
 “ Sir, to condemn yourself.”

“ Do not aggravate—Emily—we
 “ shall be wretched enough.”

She was indifferent to all I could
 say, and continued—

“ On approaching my window,
 “ the Cordelier smiled ; I returned his
 “ looks with expressive pleasure, and
 “ pointed to the billet ; he was not
 “ so insensible as the pretty milk maid,
 “ but snatched it up, opened it, and
 E 5 “ pressed

‘ pressed it to his lips. If I had not been,
 ‘ from strange and unaccountable
 ‘ sympathy, interested for him before,
 ‘ his joy, his affectionate gestures,
 ‘ would have impressed his form for
 ‘ ever on my heart.’—

My indignation and astonishment at finding her so bold in perfidy, kept me dumb; a sigh would have broke from my heart—I suppressed it with pride and scorn. She continued her relation with as much indifference as if I had never seen her—horrid effrontery!

‘ The Cordelier, after gazing up
 ‘ at me with tender regard, put my
 ‘ paper in his bosom, waisted a salute
 ‘ with his hand, and withdrew; not
 ‘ through the wood, but round the
 ‘ corner of the house where the gar-
 ‘ den

‘den lay. I was concerned to lose
 ‘fight of him, I thought all my
 ‘comfort went with him; and my
 ‘soul seemed wrapped in melan-
 ‘choly. Is there not a sympathy in
 ‘nature too fine for the scrutinizing
 ‘power of reason?’

‘Heavenly sympathy! On thy ce-
 ‘lestial pinions am I borne to the
 ‘pillow of my friend! I inspire his
 ‘dreams, I leave my image on his
 ‘fancy, and rise in the convivial
 ‘hour to challenge his reciprocal
 ‘figh.

‘After sauntering round the gar-
 ‘den of Marizeme, the Cordelier
 ‘came up a little lane near the pas-
 ‘ture; (I was still at the window).
 ‘when he drew a cake from his bo-
 ‘som, and, by signs, invited my ac-

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' ceptance of it. I expressed my gra-
 ' titude with pleasure; he fortunately
 ' threw it between the iron bars,
 ' and hurried away.—I was not in-
 ' clined to eat, the cake wore but an
 ' homely appearance, not suited to
 ' the appetite sickening in confine-
 ' ment—to honest hunger, inspired
 ' by industry, it might have been a
 ' welcome treat.

' Rough as thou art (said I, lay-
 ' ing it on the table) thou shalt be
 ' sacred! Grow old and hard, and
 ' mildewed with the hoar of time,
 ' thou shalt be sacred! Poor mo-
 ' mento of sympathy, and unavailing
 ' friendship! I will place a value on
 ' thee invisible to others! The mind
 ' grown coarse in coarse associations,
 ' shall not conceive the pensive plea-
 ' sure

‘ fure thou wilt afford to the broken
 ‘ spirit of Emily !’

What a charming faithless creature ! One would suppose Angels must have laboured to make her false to me !—I did not breathe this reflection loud enough for Emily to hear—I was grown too proud to complain. She continued :

‘ My sentiments were softening too
 ‘ far, as I reflected on the painful destiny
 ‘ of kindred minds through every
 ‘ age ; some meet so early in life that the
 ‘ texture of their fortunes is too weak
 ‘ to hold their mutual wishes ; and
 ‘ the rude circumstances of the
 ‘ world falling heavily, break it, and
 ‘ separate them for ever. Others
 ‘ meet so late, that human laws have
 ‘ chained one or the other indissolubly
 ‘ to a being which is discordant,
 ‘ and

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‘ and terrible to the gentle heart;
 ‘ but if heaven in wrath condemns
 ‘ human error ! no crime can call its
 ‘ vengeance down like that of forc-
 ‘ ing the mind on the object it must
 ‘ hate !

‘ To relieve myself from ideas so
 ‘ painful, I took up an old book,
 ‘ which lay on a low shelf, till now
 ‘ unperceived : it was Palmerin of
 ‘ England. Here the caves, knights,
 ‘ fairs, and distressed damsels be-
 ‘ guiled me of a portion of real for-
 ‘ row by their delusive activity ; and
 ‘ I was so deeply interested for the
 ‘ Knights of the Savage Man, that
 ‘ Arrette came into my apartment,
 ‘ unobserved, and inadvertently took
 ‘ up my little cake, broke it, to shew
 ‘ me it was made of such bad wheat

– it

‘ it was not fit for any christian’s
‘ mouth, and exclaimed—

‘ Bless me, Madam! How could
‘ they put the paper in?’—

‘ Lightning could not have more
‘ suddenly electrified me, than this
‘ question of Arrette. I snatched the
‘ broken parts from her hand, rather
‘ impolitely; but I could not resist
‘ the impulse—and apologized.

‘ Impatient, restless, uneasy with
‘ stifled curiosity, I wished Arrette
‘ gone, that I might feast my soul
‘ and eyes on this little paper, which
‘ I saw contained lines written with
‘ a pencil. The moment she retired
‘ I unfolded this note, so artfully
‘ concealed; and in which the Cor-
‘ delier stood confessed; his friends,
‘ con-

' connexions, anxiety, and name, on
 ' which my tear of affection fell, con-
 ' spired to endear him, and justify
 ' me. With him I could have fled
 ' to the farthest Pole; with him I
 ' could have been secure, and with
 ' him could have spent life's latest
 ' hour. He had, in a few words, ex-
 ' horted me to meet him on the mor-
 ' row-night, at the garden gate,
 ' which he had carefully reconnoitred.
 ' I resolved to obey the joyful invi-
 ' tation: my heart swelled high with
 ' ideal liberty, and sleep and happy
 ' dreams stole down the hours of
 ' night. I had not remembered,
 ' during these unmeasured raptures,
 ' that the hour he had appointed was
 ' an unseasonable one; that difficul-
 ' ties must and would arise between
 ' me and the garden gate—how could
 ' I be there at such a solemn and
 ' dreary

‘ dreary moment? nay, how I could,
 ‘ by any contrivance, get there at
 ‘ any given time was, when my de-
 ‘ lirium had wasted itself, to me a
 ‘ most melancholy question?

‘ The feeble mind forms plans,
 ‘ but dare not execute them: the
 ‘ pleasure such imagination affords,
 ‘ is alluring as the midnight vapour;
 ‘ but this is all a weak mind can
 ‘ know; for as one scheme fades
 ‘ abortively away, another is con-
 ‘ ceived, till life goes out amidst the
 ‘ fragments of unfinished hope.—
 ‘ Take one step, and you will take
 ‘ another, a third may bring you to
 ‘ the middle of your enterprise; and
 ‘ when you find it as difficult to re-
 ‘ turn as to go over, your whole soul
 ‘ will exert herself to conquer the
 ‘ crisis. This done, self-applause will
 ‘ encou-

‘ encourage, and industry lead you
 ‘ to fame.

‘ What step shall I take ? (said I
 to myself; looking thoughtfully at
 Arrette, as she came in that moment
 with my breakfast.) Tell me, Ar-
 ‘ rette, when we shall walk in the
 ‘ garden.—’

‘ When you please, madam; my
 ‘ mistress is going to to see her sister,
 ‘ who is ill, and who lives two miles
 ‘ distant.—She expects she must sit
 ‘ up with her all night—No person
 ‘ thinks she will live, madam, and
 ‘ my mistress has no other relation in
 ‘ the world, except her sister’s hus-
 ‘ band.’

‘ I could not, with all the art I was
 ‘ mistress of, appear grieved at this
 ‘ recital

‘ recital of the poor dame’s illness ; it
 ‘ was a moment full of hope ! full
 ‘ of flattering design, and trembling
 ‘ suspense ! To brave the worst, I
 ‘ resolved to entice Arrette into the
 ‘ garden, and endeavour to detain
 ‘ her there till the hour appointed
 ‘ by the Cordelier should arrive.
 ‘ Arrette was strong and robust ; but
 ‘ my courage was equal ; my cunning,
 ‘ (or, if you please, my prudence)
 ‘ superior to her’s.

‘ Marizeme drank tea with me in
 ‘ my apartment that evening ; and as
 ‘ scandal gives the highest flavour to
 ‘ the plain bohea of the rustic, as
 ‘ well as to the hyson of the city
 ‘ lady, I was regaled with a tolerable
 ‘ share—The wife of the Dean
 ‘ had leered at the Curate on Sunday ;
 ‘ the Curate had whispered the
 ‘ Dairy-maid on Monday ; the Dairy-
 ‘ maid

‘ maid was in love with the Coach-
 ‘ man, and had met him on Tues-
 ‘ day; the Coachman and the Dairy-
 ‘ maid looked significantly at each
 ‘ other on Wednesday; their looks
 ‘ were in a fit of devotion or jealousy,
 ‘ journalized by an old maid of fixty;
 ‘ who condemned them on Thurs-
 ‘ day, prayed for their souls in the
 ‘ church on the Friday; and ardent-
 ‘ ly struggled for grace, that herself
 ‘ might never profane the taberna-
 ‘ cle of the righteous!’

‘ How charming it would be, Ma-
 ‘ rizeme,’ (said I with the utmost gra-
 ‘ vity) ‘ did all women hate scandal
 ‘ as you do—what fond wife would
 ‘ be jealous? What husband would
 ‘ be unhappy? Your purity, your
 ‘ justice, your charity, are virtues
 ‘ none can rob you of!—But your fi-
 ‘ lence!’

‘ lence! — How inestimable a gift
‘ would your silence be to—’

‘ It is impossible, Madam! I never
‘ can teach my neighbours to be si-
‘ lent; they will be talking for ever
‘ about each other—there is my poor
‘ sister, who now lies ill, cannot be
‘ believed on her death bed! She says
‘ her malady is the cholic, and that
‘ Jacintha, the ‘Squire’s sempstress,
‘ had the cholic too—but Jacin-
‘ tha says, my poor sister’s disorder
‘ is not the cholic, and that the
‘ ‘Squire told her so—so you see,
‘ Madam, no body can escape.’

‘ What a pity! Good Marizeme—
‘ will you take this trifle to your sister?
‘ and may I walk this evening in the
‘ garden with Arrette?’—

‘ That

' That you may. Thank you ; if
 ' I should not come home in time,
 ' my brother-in-law shall come—
 ' good evening to you, Madam ; I
 ' am overjoyed to see you so mild
 ' and so peaceable.'

' Marizeme departed ; Day went
 ' down, and Night arose with the
 ' chaste Moon on her bosom ; when
 ' I persuaded the unsuspecting Ar-
 ' rette to accompany me into the
 ' garden, under the pretence of col-
 ' lecting glow-worms—we found but
 ' one ; no matter, one was enough for
 ' my learned speculation.

' This little glow-worm, Arrette,
 ' is an emblem of humility and ten-
 ' derness ; bereft of wings, or of the
 ' power of raising herself from the
 ' earth, she lies concealed through
 ' the day among blades of grass ;
 ' when

‘ when darkness summonses the more
 ‘ gaudy insects, whose beauteous
 ‘ colourings solely depend on light,
 ‘ and which when once deprived of,
 ‘ they sink in sullen silence, this
 ‘ timid creature hails the venerable
 ‘ night, tips the dew, and invites her
 ‘ capricious lover to partake, who is
 ‘ formed by Nature to expand his
 ‘ wings in air.’—

‘ But, Madam, she carries brim-
 ‘ stone—’

‘ No, Arrette; this lucid emana-
 ‘ tion is harmless; philosophers, I
 ‘ believe, have never satisfied them-
 ‘ selves on the nature of this bright-
 ‘ ness; most of them deem it the
 ‘ effect of love. We will search for
 ‘ more.—’

‘ It

‘ It grows late, Madam.’

‘ But the moon shines so benignly
 ‘ Arrette ; let us sit down on this
 ‘ bank a few minutes—Do you ob-
 ‘ serve that star ?’

‘ Yes, Madam.’

‘ That is Sirius, in the mouth of
 ‘ the great dog—unluckily the sud-
 ‘ den howl of a dog, at the garden
 ‘ gate, confused Arrette’s ideas, and
 ‘ abruptly ended my astronomical
 ‘ lecture. Still I loitered, still pro-
 ‘ longed the moments. The church
 ‘ bell at last struck the Cordelier’s
 ‘ purposed hour. How my heart
 ‘ fluttered ! I drew near the gate,
 ‘ which was not too high for a man
 ‘ to climb ; and, once over, I was
 ‘ certain he could remove the bars
 on

‘ on the inside ; and, trembling with
 ‘ keen expectation, I continued to
 ‘ divert Arrette—in vain !—in vain !
 ‘ —The minutes flew ! All was still !
 ‘ All dreary to my disappointed soul !
 ‘ The maid grew impatient at my
 ‘ lingering ; Despair began to sadden
 ‘ the prospect—I could not forego
 ‘ my wishes ! Painful feeling !—
 ‘ Whilst sitting with my attention
 ‘ fixed on the gate, immoveable, and
 ‘ heedless of Arrette’s remonstrance,
 ‘ the bell again struck, and warned
 ‘ me the hour of preservation was
 ‘ past. I arose ! No Cordelier ap-
 ‘ peared ; but the brother of Ma-
 ‘ rizeme came running down the
 ‘ garden walk, frightened, and offici-
 ‘ ously impertinent at finding us ab-
 ‘ sent. To this severe and rough re-
 ‘ buke of Arrette, I dared to oppose
 ‘ a kind of reasoning, which I hoped
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‘ would soften his ferocious spirit.
 ‘ Alas ! he was darkly ignorant, and
 ‘ rudely great. In endeavouring to
 ‘ mitigate the punishment of Arrette,
 ‘ I came in for a share ; but as my
 ‘ passions had long been corrected,
 ‘ I resolved this brutal clown should
 ‘ not affect me.

‘ How does your wife,’ (said I)
 ‘ master Sotenville ?’—

‘ I don’t know,’ replied he.

‘ What makes you so peevish ?—
 ‘ Why did you leave her ?’

‘ Because they said I could do no
 ‘ good there, and that I had better
 ‘ come and look to you—and since
 ‘ I find you so freakish at night, I
 4. ‘ shall

‘ shall take care you don’t get the
 ‘ cholic too.’

‘ I had never under-valued the
 ‘ gift of silence—When Ignorance
 ‘ is loud, Wisdom should shrink with-
 ‘ in her coat of mail, and not speak,
 ‘ but act. My season of action was
 ‘ not yet arrived; I however felt it
 ‘ too much below my dignity of soul
 ‘ to share the vulgar railings of a
 ‘ clown, and suffered him to lead
 ‘ me quietly to my chamber.—Where
 ‘ I gave myself up to despair, wish-
 ‘ ed for death, but dared not ‘ jump
 ‘ the life to come,’ or impiously
 ‘ rush into the presence of my Crea-
 ‘ tor: and, over-laden with conflic-
 ‘ ting passions, laid my head on the
 ‘ pillow, hardened by disappoint-
 ‘ ment, and forsaken by balmy slum-
 ‘ ber; I could not rest; my mind

' grew disordered ; and impatient
 ' under this long series of unmerit-
 ' ed distress.—Starting from the bed,
 ' I hastily traversed the room, loudly
 ' exclaiming :

' How long must I drag on this
 ' lingering existence ? Of what value
 ' am I amidst unnumbered worlds ?
 ' I may die—who made those laws
 ' which set my feeble will against
 ' the will of Heaven ? Man, pre-
 ' sumptuous man ! Who would lu-
 ' dicrouly draw down a Deity to
 ' combat with a worm. But my
 ' friends will grieve—so they would
 ' if they had lost their gold.—But
 ' they will grieve for my soul—why ?
 ' will it not be with my Creator ? Is
 ' it not more safe to trust him than
 ' merciless man ?—Hence ! ye su-
 ' perstitious bigots, ye know not
 ' whom

‘ whom ye plead for, nor whom ye
‘ would condemn !—

‘ My cheeks flushed with the fe-
‘ ver of desperation, my hands trem-
‘ bled, and the blood in my veins
‘ ached with beating frenzy.

‘ To-morrow ! and to-morrow !
‘ What of these morrows ?—will they
‘ not be like my yesterdays ? Shall
‘ I not leave them behind in the
‘ gulph of oblivion, as if they never
‘ had been ? What vestige will re-
‘ main ? What record betray, that
‘ Emily lived, tasted the cup of woe,
‘ and turned from it with disdain ?—
‘ I want rest ! my Father too ! He
‘ must be wretched ! Inhuman ruf-
‘ fians to profane so sacred, so gentle
‘ a form !—my Father !—Has He so
‘ long struggled with the ills of life,

' and reached its faded prospects
 ' with an unfullied mind, to blush
 ' for me? Am I the daughter of the
 ' Count de Marfan? Dare my de-
 ' parting soul look up and bid him
 ' bless the victim of self-murder?
 ' Horror! Tremendous horror!

' The image of my Father melted
 ' my stubborn heart, whilst a flood
 ' of silent tears welcomed that be-
 ' loved parent back to my late dis-
 ' torted fancy; and my passions ha-
 ' ving been wasted by their own
 ' raging, I sat wrapped in stupor,
 ' when the morning sun saluted
 ' me.

' Arrete brought my breakfast; I
 ' enquired if her angry master was
 ' returned to his home? she answered
 ' —no—her tone of voice, I thought,
 ' pro-

‘ proclaimed she had been weeping,
‘ and I requested her to tell me the
‘ cause.

‘ I only said, Madam, that you
‘ were no more mad than myself,
‘ and Master Sotenville threatened to
‘ turn me away.’

‘ Poor maid ! Do not cry, Ar-
‘ rette ; the good are the care of hea-
‘ ven.’

‘ So my old school-mistress used
‘ to teach us—but—but—I begin to
‘ think heaven never looks at what
‘ some people do.’

‘ Who are the people that, in
‘ your opinion, escape its eye, Ar-
‘ rette ?

F 4

‘ Your

‘ Your brother for one, Madam,
 ‘ and Master Sotenville for ano-
 ‘ ther.’

‘ And what do you think of your-
 ‘ self, Arrette?’

‘ Me, Madam!—I never did any
 ‘ harm, nor never will: I am sure I
 ‘ do all the good I can; for though
 ‘ I have no money to give away,
 ‘ except a few half-pence on a Sun-
 ‘ day, I pity the aged.—There is
 ‘ poor Jumineere, who cuts wood,
 ‘ and lives in the cabin behind the
 ‘ hill, I have many times comfort-
 ‘ ed when I saw him shivering in
 ‘ a frosty morning.’

‘ You could afford comfort to Ju-
 ‘ mineere, Arrette, will you deny it
 ‘ me?’

‘ I do

‘ I do pity you, Madam ; God
‘ only knows I do.’

‘ But will you serve me ? Will you
‘ assist me to escape from this con-
‘ finement, in which I am placed by
‘ a villain, who I understand calls
‘ himself my brother—indeed Ar-
‘ rette, he is not my brother—but
‘ I fear he will prove my mur-
‘ derer.—’

‘ Murderer !—Lord !—Madam ; so
‘ fine a gentleman ! I now am afraid
‘ you are going beside yourself.’

‘ Fear me not, Arrette ; but be-
‘ lieve me, if you aid my escape, my
‘ Father, who is a gentleman of
‘ fortune, will make you a rich lady.’

‘ Then, Madam, hap well or hap
F 5 ‘ ill

‘ ill, you shall go from the power of
 ‘ such a vile man.’

‘ But how shall I depart ? You see
 ‘ my dress is singular, I may be
 ‘ seized on that account by the first
 ‘ that meets me : my appearance
 ‘ would subject any woman to great
 ‘ danger ; no persecution is so strong,
 ‘ no vengeance so bitter as that of
 ‘ the Religeuse.

‘ In brief, I related my melan-
 ‘ choly tale with some omissions.
 ‘ The gentle Arrette wept for me,
 ‘ railed at Roderique, and we studi-
 ‘ ed, with all our cunning, to lay
 ‘ some plan for my escape. We at
 ‘ last proposed that Arrette should
 ‘ from time to time furnish me with
 ‘ a suit of her apparel, and let me
 ‘ out at the garden gate when Master
 ‘ Sotenville

‘ Sotenville was gone home to his
 ‘ good spouse, and Marizeme was
 ‘ retired to bed.

‘ Our little scheme finished, Ar-
 ‘ rette withdrew; and, still hoping
 ‘ to see the Cordelier, I patiently
 ‘ read, often praying for the depar-
 ‘ ture of Clown Sotenville.

‘ Four tedious days, and as many
 ‘ nights, did I reckon the hours as
 ‘ the church-bell reckoned them to
 ‘ me. How astonishing that the
 ‘ Cordelier should fail me! Death!
 ‘ and Death untimely Death could
 ‘ alone prevent him! Poor Cor-
 ‘ delier! Life ever hangs over the
 ‘ grave; like a blossom over the
 ‘ sea! How highly we prize exis-
 ‘ tence! how soon it perishes within
 ‘ the grasp of unholy violence! rob-
 ‘ bers, assassins—what is more dread-
 ‘ ful? The secret vultures of the

' state, who drink the richest blood
 ' in France, may be silently follow-
 ' ing every step thou takest over this
 ' degraded realm! Perhaps, whilst
 ' I am lamenting thee, angels are
 ' wafting thy prayer to heaven, or
 ' thou art breathing my name in the
 ' agony of death.

' The path through which I first
 ' saw him slowly advancing; the
 ' hedge, whence he had culled his
 ' herbs or flowers, and the stone on
 ' which he had sat alternately, at-
 ' tracted me; and as I tarried to
 ' read, still I looked out every mo-
 ' ment to see if he was coming.

' Arrette had now furnished me
 ' with the several articles of female
 ' dress; I concealed them beneath
 ' my bed; and when Marizeme visit-
 ' ed

' ed me on her return, I received
 ' her with that satisfaction and cheer-
 ' fulness with which hope gladdens
 ' the heart and irradiates the fea-
 ' tures. The following night was to
 ' be the time when I meant once
 ' more to tempt my wayward stars ;
 ' where to go, or which road to take,
 ' I could not determine ; however,
 ' I resolved to escape ; and, as no
 ' path could lead to more certain de-
 ' struction than this, with which I
 ' was surrounded ; to trust to chance,
 ' or rather to that great Power who
 ' is master of universal design.

' Thus blind to event, yet under
 ' the necessity of proving it, I be-
 ' gan to fancy a number of the new
 ' incidents, and romantic adventures
 ' I should encounter in my peram-
 ' bulations as a country girl, and
 ' endea-

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‘endeavoured to divert the present
‘gloom with the idea of beholding
‘humble life, and the charms of
‘simplicity unfulled by the varnish
‘of the world.’

‘In rural scenes, Purity holds her
‘empire; the very air is hers, the
‘heart drinks it as ambrosia from
‘heaven. She hangs her sweetness
‘on every leaf; she warms without
‘corrupting the imagination.

‘But with all this enthusiasm for
‘beauties of simple Nature, I thought
‘it would ever be impossible for me
‘to be Nannette enough for a cher-
‘ry-cheeked Lubin—I meant to
‘wrap Emily from vulgar view; but
‘still purposed to look in upon her,
‘even when gleaning after the weary
‘reaper, should that task be my lot.

‘These

‘ These were pretty waking dreams :
 ‘ to dispel them, and destroy my
 ‘ hopes, a carriage and four stopped
 ‘ at Marizeme’s door—I shook with
 ‘ terror, when the Governor of this
 ‘ castle alighted. He was alone ;
 ‘ but delivered a letter to Marizeme,
 ‘ in which she was enjoined by Ro-
 ‘ derique, to deliver the lady to the
 ‘ kind protection of the bearer, and
 ‘ to receive the large reward he
 ‘ should offer.’

‘ Marizeme came in haste to my
 ‘ chamber, read the letter, congratu-
 ‘ lated me in her way, on my sound
 ‘ state of mind, my brother’s ten-
 ‘ derness, and my approaching li-
 ‘ berty.

‘ Kneeling at her feet, I implored
 ‘ her protection, begged her to em-
 ploy

' ploy me in her field, her garden,
 ' or domestic cares. Save me! only
 ' save me from this man, and I may
 ' soon be restored to my Father who
 ' will bless you and make you happy!

' You work in the garden! you
 ' work in the field! good dear
 ' young lady, is it not better to be
 ' dressed, and go and ride in your
 ' coach, and have your maids to wait
 ' on you; and—'

' Dormoud was too artful or too
 ' impatient to suffer a long eclai-
 ' cissement; he hurried up the stairs,
 ' approached me with the most infi-
 ' nuating address, and told me he
 ' was not the abettor, but the op-
 ' poser of Roderiqué's infamous pur-
 ' pose.—Turning to Marizeme, he
 ' said, 'good woman; I wish to speak

' a

‘ a few words in private with this
‘ lady.’—

‘ Stay, Marizeme, I charge you
‘ not to leave me !—

‘ Suffer not your mind to be ter-
‘ rified with imaginary danger, Ma-
‘ dam ; permit me to lead you down
‘ stairs— I swear by all you hold sa-
‘ cred, never to compel you to pur-
‘ sue your own safety.’

‘ This man looked all he said. I
‘ fixed my eyes earnestly on him and
‘ began to stagger from my opi-
‘ nions.’

‘ Only hear me (continued he)
‘ and when you are acquainted with
‘ my motives, act agreeably to your
‘ judgment. Pray allow me, Ma-
‘ dam,

‘ dam, to speak with you, at the
 ‘ door, in this old lady’s garden, or
 ‘ where you may think more proper;
 ‘ I have much to say, and my information concerns you much.’—

‘ Without giving me time to reply, he took my hand, I followed him down the stairs obedient, from mingled emotions of curiosity, suspense, and wonder.

‘ As I turned through the back door into the garden, listening attentively to professions of honor, friendship, and the many virtues so easily profaned, we were soon out of Marizeme’s hearing, when Dormoud addressed me with that vehemence which we admire in an anxious mind.’

‘ Leave

' Leave this house immediately, if
 ' you would not be the prey of a vil-
 ' lain. Roderique is no penitent, he
 ' never felt compunction on the part
 ' of female delicacy; in his brutal
 ' gaiety he ridicules you; in his
 ' more malicious reserve, plans
 ' your destruction; revenge more
 ' than love seems to actuate him.
 ' It is not long since I became ac-
 ' quainted with this young libertine;
 ' but he says, that you have been the
 ' cause of his brother's death, that
 ' he will never marry, nor suffer you
 ' ever to escape him.—I am not so
 ' far the friend of another man's
 ' vices as to wish him success, and if
 ' you are not determined by ill-timed
 ' fears to accelerate your own ruin,
 ' come with me.'

' Whither shall I go! Who are
 ' my friends! I have no asylum!

' Come

‘ Come with me ; trust my honor !
 ‘ my friendship, my humanity ; per-
 ‘ dition seize the man who would
 ‘ violate the mind.’

‘ Will you restore me to my fa-
 ‘ ther ?’

‘ I know not your father—Rode-
 ‘ rique, one day, unguardedly men-
 ‘ tioned you as a beautiful prize ;
 ‘ and I ingratiated myself with him
 ‘ merely to behold you : shocked at
 ‘ his conduct, I have meditated on
 ‘ your sufferings, and resolve to prove
 ‘ your deliverer. Let me conjure
 ‘ you Madam not to prolong the mo-
 ‘ ments here !’

‘ Would you not conduct me to the
 ‘ villain you condemn ! Have you
 ‘ not his letter ? Are you not com-
 ‘ mif-

‘ missioned by him? What am I to
 ‘ think, Sir. Can I accompany you
 ‘ with my judgment so bewildered,
 ‘ under circumstances so incompati-
 ‘ ble with all you can assert? No!
 ‘ If you would generously point me
 ‘ to the path of peace, if you would
 ‘ comfort a mind long agitated, leave
 ‘ me, Sir, let me pursue my own
 ‘ method of safety.’

‘ You have but few hours to en-
 ‘ sure it, Madam. Roderique is now
 ‘ on the road, and hastening hither.
 ‘ This night—reflect one moment!
 ‘ The letter I have shewn your
 ‘ good hostess is not from Rode-
 ‘ rique; the money I have given her
 ‘ was my own, she is deceived, the
 ‘ letter was forged for that purpose,
 ‘ and you have a short, a very short
 ‘ time to disengage yourself from the
 ‘ snares,

‘ snares, formed by Roderique’s depravity, and strengthened by Marizeme’s ignorance.’

‘ Gracious heaven! Why is my feeble understanding so attacked on every side? Standing this moment on the verge of infamy, my soul benighted, and enveloped in clouds of terror and black suspicion; what, what mortal aid can I implore? what illumination can human knowledge throw before me?—

‘ Turning quickly to Dormoud; agitated with a sense of my immediate danger, and suddenly recollecting the little plan I had formed with Arrette—I replied—

‘ Go, Sir! my safety lies within myself, you have avowed a disinterested-

‘terestedness in your assiduity, I
 ‘have a right to believe your mo-
 ‘tives are honorable, and will here
 ‘offer you my poor acknowledg-
 ‘ments; should you in future mo-
 ‘ments feel self-approbation on my
 ‘account, your reward will be
 ‘greater than any I can offer—For
 ‘me, whilst wandering on, nothing
 ‘remains but innocence and a grate-
 ‘ful remembrance of you, who have
 ‘been my preserver.’

‘Dormoud was struck—I thought
 ‘pity for a moment beamed from his
 ‘eyes, which soon declined into cha-
 ‘grin and disappointment.

‘Still I obstinately persisted in his
 ‘departing without me.’

‘And when will you depart, Ma-
 ‘dam?’

' dam? Noon is past—you can reach
 ' no place of safety this night. Why
 ' will you invite danger to return?
 ' It has left you but for an interval,
 ' not worth recording on the annals
 ' of time; but, be it so! May you
 ' be happy till we meet again—re-
 ' member you will owe nothing to
 ' my honor or my friendship—once
 ' deceived, you now are full of mis-
 ' anthropic distrust, and will for ever
 ' remain unblest, since mutual con-
 ' fidence is the only cement of hu-
 ' man bliss.'

' Talk not of confidence, till it
 ' has ceased to be the bane of wo-
 ' man, and the bait of man.

' We had now returned back to
 ' the house, dissatisfied with each
 ' other. The carriage waited, the
 ' attendants

‘ attendants stood ready to obey their
 ‘ master—Marizeme took my hand,
 ‘ and wished me a good journey;
 ‘ when I told her, frowningly, to go
 ‘ herself.—’

‘ I go! For what, Madam?’—
 (said the astonished woman) ‘ a pret-
 ‘ ty thing indeed, to go instead of
 ‘ you.’

‘ I will not go!—’

‘ Then you should be carried, by
 ‘ my consent,’ (replied she with rus-
 ‘ tic boldness and self-sufficiency.)

‘ No, no;’ (said Dormoud archly)
 ‘ take your ward back to her apart-
 ‘ ment, she will repent this fit of
 ‘ stubbornness.’

'Fit!' said Marizeme, 'we have
 ' had such a plague with her!—why,
 ' Sir, she was going once I thought
 ' to fly up the chimney—God bless
 ' ye, Sir, take her with you, I am
 ' afraid to go to bed at night. Al-
 ' lowing she is a little wild now and
 ' then, you can manage her—Why
 ' your servants stand like posts—
 ' why dont they take her in their
 ' arms and put her into the car-
 ' riage—I could carry her myself for
 ' her weight.'

' The coachman, who was a fat
 ' red-faced man, without speaking,
 ' lifted me in a moment into the car-
 ' riage—I saw Dormoud smile at him,
 ' and, heedless of my praying or
 ' tears, the latter followed me, kept
 ' me on the seat, and bad the ser-
 ' vants drive on.

I

‘ I could no longer look up!—
 ‘ The sun shone, hills, vallies, and
 ‘ crowded groves partook of his
 ‘ splendor, and microscopic atoms
 ‘ revelled in his beams. These de-
 ‘ lights were not for me. They were
 ‘ only peculiar to the objects who
 ‘ could taste them ; I could not.

‘ And just so (I silently reflected)
 ‘ will Nature support her gaiety when
 ‘ I am laid low in eternal night!
 ‘ Am I then to suffer to no end?
 ‘ Does Heaven take no cognizance
 ‘ of my sorrows? no; all is great, all
 ‘ uniform, on one almighty and ever-
 ‘ lasting plan; and till a lesser power
 ‘ can jar a greater, the human heart
 ‘ must contend with human ill; swell
 ‘ with its own passions, and dissolve in
 ‘ its own weakness, without discom-
 ‘ posing the beauty of creation.

‘ If I thus appeared calm when
 ‘ absorbed by thought, and by de-
 ‘ spair, it was because my whole
 ‘ spirit seemed wandering from the
 ‘ evil near : nor did I notice Dor-
 ‘ mould for some hours ; and whe-
 ‘ ther his silence proceeded from re-
 ‘ spect, or artfulness, in leaving me
 ‘ to recover myself, I did not then
 ‘ question : but, when he spoke, it
 ‘ was with mildness and submission,
 ‘ expressing himself highly gratified
 ‘ in ushering me from dark obscurity
 ‘ into the admiration of the world.—

‘ Detested world ! Great vortex of
 ‘ inexplicable vice !—Why art thou
 ‘ so full of the powers of life ? Since
 ‘ thou canst not assemble those powers
 ‘ in any one form, sufficiently har-
 ‘ monious to make that form com-
 ‘ pletly blest.—

‘ Be

‘ Be calm, Madam ! Teach me
‘ how to comfort you ! and my af-
‘ fiduous friendship shall end but
‘ with my existence.’

‘ Friendship, Sir ! Did you name
‘ friendship ?’—

‘ I did.’

‘ And have you considered it well ?’

‘ If ever a human visage honestly
‘ gave the lie to the tongue, every
‘ feature of Dormoud spoke truth at
‘ this moment.—He viewed me with
‘ an attention bordering on fear, his
‘ lips quivered, and he was silent.

‘ Have you considered it well, Sir ?’

‘ Friendship fits on a hair so fine-
‘ ly woven, that it plays to the breath

' of human frailty ; great skill is
 ' required from those who hold it,
 ' and who would not wish it broken.
 ' Patience, Fidelity and Affection are
 ' its supporters ; and the man who
 ' can yield those qualities, but in
 ' death, never deserved the name of
 ' Friend.

' Madam—I may not have a gener-
 ' al idea of Friendship, in your sense
 ' of the word ; I can only say, if you
 ' will allow me to serve you, I am at
 ' your service.'

' I cannot allow you to serve me,
 ' Sir, if your friendship is without
 ' honour, or your regard without self-
 ' denial. You will therefore be con-
 ' vinced, by my frankness, that on
 ' yourself must depend my future gra-
 ' titude, or your disappointment.'

Be

‘ Be it so ; I shall still look forward, Madam, but will not be angry.’

‘ I was silent from indignation and contempt. Yet this man continued to treat me with a softened manner, very different from the hardness of Roderique. I have reason to think he studies to gain my affections ; but to what purpose ? Only to enhance the pleasure of triumph. Every attention woman claims was paid me by Dornoud and his attendants ; but I was never left without a guard, till I arrived at this Castle. And here his love seems superior to his principles ; at least it keeps them at a pause. I have no hope of ever escaping from this place. The Cordelier renders my situation to-

‘ lerable, but I feel a secret dread
 ‘ lest my malignant fate may involve
 ‘ him.’

“ But why did he not fulfil his
 “ assignation at the garden gate? So
 “ tenderly beloved; his loss was
 “ great!”

‘ He was arrested by some secret
 ‘ spies on that very day (as he since
 ‘ informed me) but having a pass-
 ‘ port, together with credentials of
 ‘ high authority in his bosom, in-
 ‘ stead of being buried in a dungeon,
 ‘ he was permitted, at his own re-
 ‘ quest, to officiate here.’

“ Did he know you were in this
 “ Castle?”—

‘ I believe he did not positively;
 ‘ but

‘ but he knew by what kind of per-
 ‘ son I was conveyed from the house
 ‘ of Marizeme ; by Arrette’s descrip-
 ‘ tion. Le Tellier, and the Mar-
 ‘ quis De Louvois are his friends,
 ‘ and Dormoud respects him.

‘ Now, Sir, I have given you all
 ‘ the satisfaction in my power. Here
 ‘ I am surrounded by complicated
 ‘ terrors ; lost to my Father, in hour-
 ‘ ly expectation of death, and su-
 ‘ perior to a man I once thought
 ‘ worthy my affection.’

“ Very fine, very heroic, Miss
 “ Emily ! the man you hint at, I
 “ suppose, is not the cruel Corde-
 “ lier ! he alone can bless the wretch-
 “ ed Emily.—”

‘ Insolent Henry !’

“ Inconstant Emily ! Was it for
“ this you robbed me of the plea-
“ sing prospects of my youth, de-
“ stroyed the hopes of my noble
“ Father, and drove every image
“ from my soul, that you might fix
“ your perfidious impression for ever
“ there ?”

‘ Good God ! Is it possible this
‘ can be Henry ?’—

“ It is that Henry whose form will
“ visit you on your dying pillow.”

Emily paused for a moment—her
silence seemed tremendous to my af-
flicted heart ; when, to compleat my
misery, she threw herself on her
knees ; and, with her eyes darting
astonishment and wild despair, ex-
claimed.—

‘ Hear

‘ Hear me, righteous Power ! Re-
 ‘ cord my firm, my everlasting vow !
 ‘ Whilst appealing to thee ! I here
 ‘ abjure, renounce, and throw from
 ‘ my injured memory—’

“ Hold ! Emily ! Dear destroyer
 “ of my peace !”—I could breathe
 no more—clasping her to my bosom,
 I raised her from the earth, and
 bathed her cheek with my tears.
 “ Faithless as thou art, swear not to
 “ hate me !”

Disengaging herself from my hold,
 she betrayed that true dignity of soul
 few women are informed with ; and
 which awes at some moments the most
 profligate mind. She scorned all a-
 round her ; she was silent—her silence
 gave me no relief—my eyes still pur-

fued her as she moved, and I endeavoured to resume the conversation.

“ You perceive I am unhappy ;
 “ you are convinced I suffer for you ;
 “ tell me, sincerely, do you love the
 “ Cordelier ?”

“ I do’—she replied, with an assumed sternness.

“ What then will save you from
 “ long progressive guilt ?—Guilt, so
 “ infinite and insatiable in his ob-
 “ jects ; that your soul, once the ha-
 “ bitation of every virtue, will be-
 “ come, by indulging it, a dreadful
 “ depth of corruption.”

“ You will save me from this train
 “ of evil !”

“ How ! speak ! O teach me to
 “ preserve you !”—

“ By

“ By leaving me,—by troubling me
 “ no more with your remonstrances,
 “ by humbling me no more with your
 “ base imputations; by keeping secret
 “ all you see and hear respecting me
 “ and the Cordelier; in whom live
 “ my slender hopes of happiness,
 “ of life, and of liberty. Serve him,
 “ obey him, hold his every direction
 “ sacred; in revealing what you know,
 “ you destroy yourself, the Cordelier
 “ and Emily.”

“ Is it likely I can do all this! But
 “ this trial of my senses must not,
 “ cannot hold! Madness alone can
 “ save me from remembrance.—Re-
 “ turn! Return ye hours, when Emily
 “ was mine, and true!

“ Go” (said the stubborn maid al-
 most

most weeping) “ try to compose yourself; I need not advise you to the deliberation—Whether the woman you suspect be worthy your love.”

I retired, but not to rest: not to that composure Emily had with so much cruel coldness recommended. True, I had suspected her faith, and her obdurate pride would not submit to remove my suspicions. But what was I now to pursue? What could this prison afford to sweeten the bitterness of soul, I every hour seemed destined to augment for myself; and Emily, if she loves the Cordelier, why should I oppose her wishes? Is my affection for her of that selfish kind that I cannot see her blest, without myself being miserable?—Happy Cordelier, I will resign her to thee.

The

The return of Dormoud to the castle, varied the melancholy scene in some degree. Not the troubles of his king, or the dangers of his country, could affect him. He appeared to be composed—and even unwearied by voluptuousness. His luxurious monarch never had a better resemblance than Dormoud.

When dining with him, some few days after his return, he conversed with all that careless gaiety natural to him, and told me, he had visited his little frozen beauty.

‘ Let hoary statesmen, to whose
 ‘ wiles France is now bowing her lofty
 ‘ head, fix again her political case;
 ‘ what have I to do if the fabric fall,
 ‘ but to slip from under it in time?
 ‘ I am but one; as one, I will live
 ‘ for myself—the King does the same:
 ‘ what elevates me still higher, is,
 ‘ that

‘ that my lovely prisoner gives me
‘ hope; and only prays me to give
‘ her time to overcome her scruples.’

I was disturbed at this declaration,
but concealed my surprise. Taking
the glass, he continued—

‘ May Emily be converted by the
‘ virtue of Dormoud!’ I took my
glass and drank, “ May Dormoud be
“ converted by the virtue of Emily !”

‘ Very well, fir; when I am as cold
‘ as you to the charms of Emily, I
‘ shall, from dull necessity, prove as
‘ virtuous. What lectures you often
‘ give me over the bottle! be first a
‘ lover, and love will teach you, that
‘ virtue is not negative but active.
‘ What! is your sermonizing finished?
‘ Hah! I have struck upon the true

‘ text; come, do not be tedious in
‘ drawing up your comment.

“ Negative vice is virtue.”—

‘ Stupid, trite assertion—but, like
‘ all other human maxims, it does
‘ well to exercise an infinity of words,
‘ which dissolve as soon as born, leav-
‘ ing Virtue and Vice to the power of
‘ Imagination; and the imagination
‘ to the check of human law. But
‘ amidst all our pleasing contradictions
‘ and instructive disputes, I feel hap-
‘ piness with you. Since I left the
‘ castle, my mind formed only for
‘ love and pleasure, has been kept in
‘ a tumult.’

“ You have been with] your
“ friends—”

‘ I have

‘ I have been with my superiors
‘ in office, and my superiors in po-
‘ litical misery; who tremble for
‘ their authority, which is disputed.
‘ In brief, we are to work hard, or
‘ Power will steal into other hands,
‘ who by the bye, may not treat her
‘ with as much insolence as we have
‘ done.’

“ Power makes every a man info-
“ lent; human Nature is, was, and
“ will be, invariably the same;
“ Power has her course fixed and
“ steady; all would drive her cha-
“ riot, and all are but Phætons,
“ more or less. Some keep her seat
“ for a day, others for weeks, or
“ months, and some for years; and
“ years past are not worth one com-
“ ing moment. Self love bids every
“ man languish for Power; but who
“ tells

“ tells him his virtues would be
“ greater than those of his fellow,
“ was he in the same situation ?”

‘ I care not for power further than
‘ it promotes the enjoyment of my
‘ wishes.’

“ Very natural philosophy !—you
“ have said every thing.”

‘ But I am sorry to add, Le Tel-
‘ lier, and Louvois are not quite so
‘ happy ; troubles are rising around
‘ France ; and increasing, as they
‘ roll, like tumultuous billows.’

“ I have been a traveller many
“ years through distant countries,
“ and am unacquainted with the
“ chain of past events in France.”

‘ It

' It is going over old ground with
 ' me, but I am older than you, con-
 ' sequently can give you some infor-
 ' mation; though I detest politics!
 ' I really am wearied with the eternal
 ' subject; if change could happen
 ' that has never happened, such
 ' change must exceed the order of
 ' Nature; I therefore conclude,
 ' change to be within the order
 ' of necessity. However, since that
 ' fatal eve of Saint Bartholomew,
 ' when the Huguenots were massa-
 ' cred, and the brave Admiral Colig-
 ' ny their champion slain, the growl of
 ' rebellion has been heard along the
 ' shores of France, like that of a
 ' lioness robbed of her young. To
 ' deserts, secret caves, and solitary
 ' meetings, the murmuring Hugue-
 ' nots were driven and confined:
 ' still they looked revengeful and
 ' lower-

' lowering at the throne; at times
 ' they endeavoured to strike at reign-
 ' ing power, but were too feeble, and
 ' generally subdued; whilst medals
 ' were struck as triumphant emblems
 ' of a massacre in which sixty thou-
 ' sand Huguenots had expired! Mur-
 ' der and persecution, at intervals,
 ' swept away numbers of those peo-
 ' ple; yet they harassed their op-
 ' ponents through the successive
 ' reigns of Henry III. who was as-
 ' sassinated in his turn; and Henry
 ' IV, King of Navarre, who suc-
 ' ceeded him, and who likewise died
 ' by the assassin's dagger, having
 ' previously signed the edict of Nantes,
 ' by which the Huguenots were
 ' allowed free exercise of their reli-
 ' gion, posts of honor, and share in
 ' the administration. This stroke of
 ' policy fixed a pillar to the throne,
 ' and

‘ and malcontents, who found no re-
 ‘ dress for past injuries, found less
 ‘ encouragement to avenge them-
 ‘ selves. Our present King is now
 ‘ consulting his cabinet on the revo-
 ‘ cation of the edict of Nantes; and
 ‘ thousands of Huguenots are flying
 ‘ in all directions. I hope it is only
 ‘ an alarm, since such a decree would
 ‘ disgrace his memory and weaken
 ‘ his power.’

I was highly entertained, and o-
 bliged for Dormoud’s information, to
 which he added, ‘ Le Tellier and
 ‘ the Marquis de Louvois were in
 ‘ the utmost consternation, on re-
 ‘ ceiving official accounts respecting
 ‘ the league of Augsburg forming
 ‘ by the Elector of Bavaria, the
 ‘ Duke of Savoy, and the Prince of
 ‘ Orange. But let us not anticipate,

‘ or lose the pleasure of the hour by
‘ conjuring up terrors only formed
‘ by haggard and cowardly minds :
‘ if you are wise be jocular, resolve
‘ to be happy and never look back.’

“ Impossible ! I am the slave of
“ sad remembrance.”

‘ So much the worse. An hour
‘ gone by, is as far lost to you as
‘ the hour when Mrs. Eve innocently
‘ made a fool of her husband. Yet
‘ it is difficult for man to believe
‘ this truth. He sits poring and bit-
‘ ing his thumbs, absorbed by the
‘ phantoms of memory, whilst life
‘ glides on unobserved.

“ I never found human language
“ decisive—it proves nothing ; and
“ it is a question, what we live for—
“ we

“ we cannot live for the future—
 “ that never comes ; we do not live
 “ for the past that is for ever gone.”

‘ Right ; we are made to act only
 ‘ up to the moment, therefore take
 ‘ joy in your arms, if she comes, and
 ‘ kick sorrow to the d—l. For my
 ‘ part, whenever memory lays her
 ‘ map before me, I perceive, at the
 ‘ first glance, that I am sixty de-
 ‘ grees from the land I loved, and
 ‘ instantly look round to see what
 ‘ the present spot affords.

“ You are not sixty years of age ?
 “ are you Sir.”

‘ No, my good friend ; but So-
 ‘ lomon himself took the same track.’

“ I never saw a man so like my
 “ father—

“ father—your eyes, your hair, your
“ voice; nay, your very shape is
“ like his. He was very tall, so are
“ you.”

‘ And how can you tell whether I
‘ am your father?’ said the Governor, laughing heartily at my comparison, and the confusion into which I had plunged with so much ease.

Observing he had silenced me by putting a question which no man in the world is allowed to answer, he continued his merry jeer—

‘ Can you be positive I am not
‘ your father? When did you see
‘ him?’

“ Not for some years.”

‘ I certainly am the man—Hah !
 ‘ Hah ! I wish we could prove it—
 ‘ Tell me your mother’s name :—
 ‘ but—no—I shall never know by
 ‘ that alone. Well then, think me
 ‘ your father, and I will treat you
 ‘ kindly—next to my beautiful tor-
 ‘ mentor you shall share my heart.’

I could never discern the depth of
 this man. He frequently pleased me by
 his softened and delusive manner, yet
 I feared him. His thinking powers
 were great, but his vices were not
 less ; I should have been imprudent
 and unwise, at any time, to have
 awakened his passions of the fiercer
 kind.

‘ To-morrow evening, continued
 ‘ Dormoud, will decide her fate.’

“ What

“ What did you say, Sir?—fate!
 “ — fate!—whose fate?”—

‘ The fate of that capricious maid,
 ‘ whose yoke—I will no longer bear.
 ‘ I have kneeled and whined to lit-
 ‘ tle effect; my heart is too proud,
 ‘ and my wishes too forcible to be
 ‘ trifled with by a pretty play-thing,
 ‘ in whose personal charms lie her
 ‘ sole importance.’

How unjustly did this man conceive of Emily! Her only failing was inconstancy to me! To him, she owed neither love, nor gratitude; the wrongs he had offered, could only claim her indignation. I resolved, if possible, to see her, in the interval; and if I could not avert her horrid doom, to die in her defence, ignorant of her approaching sorrows.

H 2

As

As I felt those painful ideas increase, I grew incapable of supporting the conversation, or of adding to the conviviality of Dormoud—and retired, lest he should perceive my ebb of spirit.

Alone, I indulged reflections which arose from genuine feeling; very unlike those vague discussions attempted by myself and the Governor over the glass. Metaphysical, unending theory, had nothing to do with my lamentation for ill-fated Emily. Pity, tenderness, every fine sensation of which the heart of man is sensible towards woman, conspired to dissolve me into tears.

Hapless maid! Thy mind was nursed with care. Every idea that played in it, was unblemished and born of heavenly innocence: no rude shock of indelicacy awakened
ene

ened thy fears, or thrilled, through thy soul, that sudden horror which is fraught with burning confusion. Thy Father smiled, and exulted in thy loveliness!—Is there no angel, appointed by the great Father of the world to watch over him and thee? Short as the interval lies between thee and destruction! Defenceless as thou art from the violence of a villain, some unforeseen occurrence may yet preserve thy peace.

Not contented with imaginary incidents that might never arise, I resolved instantly on what must preserve her, or end me; and walked slowly to her apartment, where, had Dormoud surprised me, I must have explained myself to his satisfaction.—On my tapping at the door, it was opened by Emily—her beauty, I

H 3 thought.

thought, had received additional splendor, her chearfulness predicted a sudden change of thought, or newly raised hope; which, to my unspeakable regret, I came to dissipate; that she should have asked Dormoud time to deliberate, I had not supposed a proof of her inclining towards him; since I knew him not to be her object. Yet I feared she had taken her resolution; and her present manner being unusually chearful and collected, strengthened that conjecture.

I hesitated much; in what terms could I couch the ideas of Dormoud, so as not to offend Emily, and confuse myself? I at last addressed her with tremulation, as she stood looking at me with dignified composure.

Forgive

“ Forgive me, Madam, perhaps
“ you behold me for the last time.---”

‘ I do not believe that, Sir; your
‘ confinement, or mine, I fancy, will
‘ not be of short duration. Dor-
‘ mould has resolved to marry me
‘ —Return, and tell him it is too
‘ late.’

“ Unfortunate Emily !---”

‘ Speak ! — why do you tremble,
‘ why does your speech falter ?—Is
‘ it murder you would declare ? That
‘ awful mission would come with new
‘ horror from your lips—but be it
‘ so.—You who have mangled my
‘ fame, and murdered my peace,
‘ would make the office of an execu-
‘ tioner holy.’

H 4.

“ We

“ We are indeed to drink of the
 “ same cup of the worldly misery !
 “ I am now an obstacle to your peace ;
 “ you are, and have long been the
 “ cause of my destruction ; but we
 “ will not descend to upbraiding.—
 “ To-morrow night—

“ Very well ! I shall be prepared—
 “ for to-morrow night, Emily !”

‘ Yes, Sir,—you seem surprised—’

“ By all the powers of deceitful
 “ beauty, I am !”

‘ And why ? Am I the only in-
 ‘ stance ? Surely, Sir, you would make
 ‘ this too serious a business.’—

“ Serious ! Can you think lightly
 “ of such a sacrifice of excellence
 “ and beauty ?—”

‘ I think

‘ I think nothing of the sacrifice,
‘ only on account of my Father, and
‘ and the poor Cordelier ! They will
‘ mourn.’

“ Will the Cordelier defend you?
“ Will he fight for you.”

‘ I would not wish him. May he
‘ be blest when I am no more !’

“ Heavens ! Madam ! do you un-
“ derstand me ? To-morrow night
“ Dormoud will force you to his
“ pillow.”

‘ God preserve me !’

“ Amen !”—

Pale and speechless, Emily fell back
; into the chair, that luckily stood be-
hind her at the moment ; her forti-

tude, so strongly founded on innocence, respecting Dormoud, forsook her; and her tears silently flowed—perhaps on remembering the Cordelier. I soothed her with compassion; in few words she wished to convince me, that my compassion was unavailing; and, looking me full in the face, said—

‘What is your opinion of suicide?’

“Religion condemns it.”

‘Is not religion limited, and existing within human idea?’

“It must be so.”

‘Then it can never explore a world to come.’

“Faith—”

‘Is

“Is fancy.”

“Belief—”

‘Human belief can only be parallel
with human action.’

“Repentance—”

‘Is alteration, or newness of idea,
as circumstance resolves.’

“Try to bring your thinking
powers to the present danger of the
moment, Emily; disquisition of
this kind appears to me remote.”

‘Not so! — not so!’ (replied the
injured maid, with a distracted air)
‘you know not my internal conflict.
Where, Sir! — where is my refuge—
but—’

H-6

She

She paused—

“ Strive not to reconcile yourself
“ to suicide.”

‘ What !—to infamy, then ?’

“ Not till I am gone !—allow me
“ to defend you !”

‘ What merit, Sir, can you apply
‘ to the action of defending a woman
‘ you have defamed ? What atone-
‘ ment can you make, what return
‘ have you left in her power ? Have
‘ you not broken the purest ties of
‘ friendship ? Profaned the idea of
‘ affection ? And not only degraded
‘ your own sentiments, by affecting
‘ to value one you think inconstant ;
‘ but, as if disgrace was incomplete,
‘ and revenge unfinished, you would
‘ mark indelibly the heart of Emily
‘ with obligation.—’

“ I would

“ I would only defend you for the
 “ man you love ; I solemnly swear
 “ to resign you to the Cordelier,
 “ should my efforts to save you be
 “ crowned with success. I own there
 “ can be little hope of this ; but I
 “ shall discharge my duty to the
 “ Count your Father, who once de-
 “ clared, that to my honour he could
 “ confide his child.”

‘ Then, for my Father’s sake, I will
 ‘ consent at least to die with you ;
 ‘ and think, while expiring, I am
 ‘ obeying his sacred will. Ah ! Henry,
 ‘ did my Father know you now ! He
 ‘ would not believe your mind could
 ‘ have undergone such an apostacy !’

“ Who has made me an apostate ?
 “ No more of this—will you consent
 “ that I remain concealed in your
 “ apartment to-morrow.—

‘ Only

‘ Only on one condition.—’

“ Name the condition.”

‘ Procure me a dagger.—’

“ I dare not.”

‘ Sir, I will be mistress of myself ;
 ‘ all that is greatly daring, all that is
 ‘ horrible, will fill that hour—But
 ‘ leave me ! Beware of softening me
 ‘ into an expectation of safety ! No
 ‘ safety remains ! I am devoted, and
 ‘ would not drag you down ; for you
 ‘ must eventually follow, should you
 ‘ attempt my preservation !’

“ Promise me at least, Emily, that
 “ you will be resigned till I see you
 “ once more. I wish I could speak
 “ of comfort ! I am a bankrupt my-
 “ self !

“ self ! My little hoard of happiness
 “ is wasted—but wait the moment,
 “ preserve your self-collection—I will
 “ be near ; and since we seem de-
 “ stined to make each other wretched,
 “ let us together fall the victims of
 “ Dormoud, and end our mutual
 “ misery. Good night ; do not weep.
 “ —We once had brighter prospects,
 “ but they are past for ever.”

Despair, in all her moody work-
 ings, never exhibited a form so lovely,
 so interesting, and so fixed in terror
 as that of Emily, when I left her.
 Her sigh followed me through the
 door as I shut it ; and though I had
 attempted to inspire her with resolu-
 tion, I felt nothing like it. Despon-
 dency fell with darkness on my spirit,
 and through that darkness I could dis-
 cern no image but that of murder.

During

During the past night, while striving to conquer my paroxysms of complicated terror, I had heard a rattling of fire arms, and many voices ; but as private executions were frequently performed at midnight ; I wished, if possible, to close my sense of hearing ; since every sound, at this solemn season, struck like an awful summons from the destroyer Death.

We applaud Pity, we condemn, or envy the heart that cheats the world and hides its sacred affliction : because it can or will suffer no partner ; but Apathy, in my situation, would have been a balm ; since here the uplifted arm of murder would not have been stayed by my tears or my compassion.

The

The morning was ushered in with amazement on the faces of the guards; an unusual clanking of chains, and the sound of trumpets, which were reverberated back towards the battlements from every dreadful den within the bosom of this horrid prison. I seldom locked my door; and so unhealthy was my imagination become, by confinement, that I could with difficulty bear it shut. To throw it wide open, I thought was only to derive the utmost advantage of indulgence gained for me by the Cordelier; but, when I saw the soldiers passing swiftly with their bayonets fixed, a sudden hope of further enlargement seized me; I knew not why. That some great tumult was nigh, I did not doubt; no uproar could prove unwelcome to the devoted victims, who were pining with expectation of death; and wishing

ing some opposing force might succeed, till the castle shook to its foundations; I sallied from my apartment, full of lively, but mishapen ideas; for it was impossible to form my thoughts to unforeseen events.

“What means this alarm?” (said I to one of the soldiers)

‘We know not yet, Sir—a mob, nothing more, I suppose.—You had better keep within—you are unarmed, and the soldiery must have room to act!’

Without more ceremony he passed on; and, at that moment, a volley of musketry, aided by a discharge of cannon from the battlements, was heard; whilst the consternation and terror of the unhappy prisoners could
not

not be conceived. Cries, and shrieks of anguish—prayers, exclamations, and the dismal den of heavy fetters, strengthened the mind's amazement, and heightened the horror of the day.

Silence, rendered awful from the supposition that many souls had recently left the world, followed this discharge of warlike engines, whose breath bears down the image of the Creator !

I stood near the door of Emily, like one who had nothing to hope or fear; the Cordelier was with her. And as I was satisfied that his power was great in preparing her mind for danger, or even for its final change, I remained at my post, not reflecting
how

how near I might be to the verge of oblivion.

As uproar receded, like a wafting storm, I mourned the wild and feeble efforts of mankind! How many form systems in their imagination; sacrifice peace, and in attempting to rear their airy-fabrics die! Many a man inebriated with his own theory, would drench his sober neighbour, whose choice is to expire in inactivity. Yet this seeming discordance was, is, and will be, whilst Nature holds her course.—How unfortunate for many has been this one day's working! How abortive! in its end yet, perhaps, full of death; and why is misery contagious! Can the happy leave their homes, to dare captivity beneath these walls, as if enthusiastic pity boasted
gigantick

gigantick force? O how heavily does the chain of tyranny fall from these battlements on the bosom of France! Yet, in breaking it! thousands must go down! Merciful heaven! preserve the lives of my fellow creatures! I am but one.—

Thus did I vary to the point of contingency; thus did I yield momentarily to its impression. I had from the instinct of self-preservation, suddenly wished for tumult; I had, forgot that the object of insurrection is seldom worthy the valuable sacrifices it unwarily offers up; and concluded, that no fixed principle of self-denial was inherent in the human mind: nay, I had other very potent reasons for thinking so.—How had my sentiments, my desires, and my resolves varied respecting Emily? I
had

had supposed her vitiated, I had resolved to trifle with her, and dally my troubles away. Yet, when in her presence, how was I acted upon by her superior dignity! How passively did I sink into that humiliating insignificance I had prepared for her, and I now could stand near her door, whilst the man, I thought my rival, was blessed by her heavenly sentiments. “Go, boasted pride! Let
 “my heart once more dissolve in
 “confidence and love.”—I must adore.—

Dormoud, with a party of the guards, hastily advanced towards the spot where I was; and, before he observed me, I stepped forward to meet him.—

‘Ascend

‘ Ascend the rampart on the east side, and tell Montmorice to draw forward the cannon, and bear their level below the outside wall, so that if the insurgents force the gate, they will be confined, and lie at our mercy.’

The guards obeyed the Governor ; and I enquired again the nature of this riot.

‘ I touched lightly on former feuds (replied he) the other evening ; this
 ‘ I believe, is more the alarm of
 ‘ discontent than the thunder of it.
 ‘ We shall, however, soon quell those
 ‘ gentlemen by a few executions
 ‘ within and without doors. That
 ‘ party, called the Fronde, composed of Huguenots, of every sect,
 ‘ has long been endeavouring to col-
 6 ‘ lect

' lect itself into a forcible body ; and
 ' this fatal revocation of the edict of
 ' Nantes, being now upon the poli-
 ' tical floor, they feel the seeds of
 ' oppression, which they have been
 ' obliged to swallow, stimulating
 ' their souls to revenge.'

" You speak like an Huguenot,
 " Sir."

' Hah, that is only because I pre-
 ' tend to no strong adherence. A
 ' Huguenot would speak like me,
 ' did he think like me. I am
 ' Governor of this castle, and must
 ' act as Governor ; and if I ruled a
 ' flock of sheep upon the mountains,
 ' I should only tune a reed instead
 ' of sounding a trumpet :—In a word,
 ' I have no hold on any thing per-
 ' manent. Love and Emily, at pre-
 ' sent,

‘ sent, inspire me; when lost to
‘ those, I shall be as vapid as your-
‘ self. Come—the noisy mob is
‘ gone, let us pay her a visit.—’

“ Excuse me, Sir.”—

‘ No, no; you must accompany
‘ me.—I have fitted up superb apart-
‘ ments, and you must persuade her
‘ to occupy them. I am resolved to
‘ remove her.’

“ But her Confessor is with her.”

‘ Why then we will bid him go
‘ and confess those who have more
‘ work for him.’

“ Not now, Sir; I thought you
“ had given her time to consider.”

‘ But that time expires this even-
‘ ing.’

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I

“ Then

“Then tarry till this evening—
“I positively will not accompany
“you.”

‘Then go yourself, tell her of
‘magnificence, tenderness, obedi-
‘ence, all that can charm.’

“All that can delude you mean,
“Dormoud.—”

‘No.’—(added he smiling) ‘Well,
‘yes—let it be delude, if you like
‘it—I care not—all that can delude
‘the sorrows of charming woman;
‘or melt the stubborn heart of
‘rougher man, await her future
‘hours.’

“I will make the best of your he-
“roic message.”

‘But

‘ But when did you see Emily ?’

“ I saw her this morning; she
 “ was pale and trembling—I would
 “ have taken her in my arms, and
 “ dispelled her fears, had not the
 “ little termagant repulsed me with
 “ freezing sternness, and told me my
 “ time was not come.”

‘ But, by all my hopes,’ (assuming
 ‘ a severe tone and frowning) ‘ should
 ‘ intercession fail !—’

I made no answer—happily an officer of the guards came in sight, and hastily running up to us, took the Governor aside; whispered him, with apparent agitation, and they left me, to spend the short interval of a few hours how I could. All remained quiet for the remaining part of the

I 2

day,

day, except the business of arranging the soldiers, setting spikes of iron on the lower walls, and forming a garrison for the night, which was to remain silent round the south tower, and on all the ramparts, with guns deeply charged. Notwithstanding this precaution was taken, few thought it necessary; no disturbance ensued, and the mob, whatever was their motive, seemed to be gone, quite out of hearing. But no sooner had night thrown down her darkness, than the neighbouring hills rebounded the shouts of men. I listened; it came nearer; and the name of the Duke of B**** was distinctly pronounced, whether inside the castle, or without the walls, I could not distinguish; but my blood ran cold.

A heavy

A heavy cannonading followed; which made me think the castle was defended from without; and I was afterwards informed, that auxiliaries, consisting of five hundred cavalry, were sent to the assistance of the Governor, by Le Tellier. The noise of war increased. The terror within the Castle cannot be expressed; since its inhabitants, should victory declare for its insurgents, might expect to be buried in its ruins, if taken by assault. Amidst so much danger, I was astonished at observing the Cordelier quite composed, and walking silently through the most unfrequented passages; where he extinguished the few solitary lights that remained near the apartment of Emily.

As a body of the guards, headed by Dormoud, came towards the passage

I 3

where

where the Cordelier was; I perceived he concealed himself behind a but-tress; and I thought it most prudent to steal into one of the armories, which, in the hurry, had been left open.—

‘ Go you, Guempiere with your
 ‘ men, to the gate of St. Petre, re-
 ‘ main there till the dead of night,
 ‘ or till you hear the second trumpet,
 ‘ from the first ramparts—the watch
 ‘ word, till five in the morning, is
 ‘ FRANCE. You are acquainted with
 ‘ the covered way from the gate of
 ‘ St. Petre, through which you are
 ‘ to make a fortie, if I find the ne-
 ‘ cessity of it.—Are all the prisoners
 ‘ locked in their cells?’

‘ I gave the order, Sir.—I have
 ‘ myself secured the most solitary ad-
 ‘ vance.

‘ vance.—We shall have hot work ;
 ‘ this brave rebel, the Duke of B****,
 ‘ seldom PLAYS with hot balls.’

Dormoud having given these instructions, they all hastened to obey, and the passage was clear in an instant, when I ran up to the Corde-
 lier—

“ O, father! did you hear the
 “ watch word?”

“ Henry! Is it you? You must
 ‘ fly. This is the night—Save Emi-
 ‘ ly!’—

“ Where is she?—I have sought
 “ her in her apartment, she is not
 “ there!”

‘ Heaven forbid!’—

‘ The soldiers are filing off every
 ‘ moment, the castle is full—I dare
 ‘ not appear, but in the act of prayer,
 ‘ or of animating the men. Where,
 ‘ where—shall I find her ! Go you
 ‘ that way, I will go this—extin-
 ‘ guish the lamps when you can do
 ‘ it with safety, as you hasten on.—

“ Where shall we meet an hour or
 “ twenty minutes hence, if liv-
 “ ing ? ”—

‘ In the remote aisle, beneath the
 ‘ statue of Louis the Just.’

“ Agreed !—Farewell till then ; or
 “ till we meet in a happier world.”

‘ Hold, Henry—let me reflect—I
 ‘ have but little hope— the little I
 ‘ have lies in one expedient—my
 ‘ cha-

‘ character is sacred, my habit, that
 ‘ of holiness and peace. I have
 ‘ heard the watch word of the night,
 ‘ and am resolved to try, whether I
 ‘ cannot, in the name of Dormoud,
 ‘ pass through the guards at the
 ‘ gate of St. Petre. I have many
 ‘ friends among the insurgents; and
 ‘ as the gate of St. Petre is the most
 ‘ vulnerable part of the castle, will
 ‘ lead them up to it, if I pass
 ‘ through safely. To facilitate my
 ‘ scheme; ascend, if possible, to the
 ‘ first rampart, by the stone steps,
 ‘ that go winding up the tower; and,
 ‘ at the third landing place, towards
 ‘ the right, you will step out on the
 ‘ rampart — cause the trumpet to
 ‘ sound immediately —’

“ Where shall I find one ? ”

‘ The trumpeter will be ready,
 ‘ waiting the moment of command.
 ‘ Give the word in the name of the
 ‘ Governor. The sortie will be
 ‘ made, and if the Huguenots are in
 ‘ force, they may not only repel,
 ‘ but throw themselves through the
 ‘ gate, mingled with the guards.
 ‘ The gate once forced, the troops
 ‘ will keep it open;—your deliver-
 ‘ ance is an object of the first import-
 ‘ ance.’—

“ Life is dreary to me—I loved
 “ Emily—she is lost—nay more, she
 “ contemns me.—”

‘ I hope you have given her no
 ‘ cause—she is by nature tender and
 ‘ forgiving.—But this is not a pro-
 ‘ pitious hour—yield not now to the
 ‘ languor of love, or the apathy of
 ‘ despon-

' despondence. The life, the ho-
 ' nor of Emily is this night at stake!
 ' Nothing but these dreadful circum-
 ' stances could have preserved her;
 ' thank heaven we have contrived
 ' them well. Dormoud must be busy
 ' till morning, perhaps longer.—I
 ' will not leave the prison without
 ' Emily.—Let the trumpet sound—
 ' seek her whilst the tumult is high,
 ' soothe her terrors; and request her
 ' to remain, till dawn, beneath the
 ' statue of Louis the Just,—Fare-
 ' well! God protect you!'

Considering myself but as an in-
 strument to the will of this mysteri-
 ous priest, I ran up the stone steps
 that led to the tower, and only putting
 one foot out on the rampart, in a
 loud tone of voice, bade the trumpet

I 6 found..

found. It shook! It inspired my soul
 with martial ardour; shouts from the
 gate of St. Petre re-echoed the blast;
 and the roar of battle arose from the
 earth, and rolled along the air.

Eager as the soul seeks its likeness
 through the world, did I descend to
 seek poor Emily. The scene around
 struck not my heart with fear, but
 for her sake filled it with anguish.
 Where could the helpless, distracted
 maid find safety? Was not every part
 of this prison unfit for feminine
 grace? Could it afford any asylum to
 one whose beauty continually raised
 dangers near her; numerous and pro-
 lific as the poet feigned the heads of
 Hydra? Merciful heaven! not to
 pity woman thus distressed, would
 have been to forego the manly cha-
 racter.

rafter. Careless of life, I roamed too and fro, ignorant what part of the Castle to explore. Dormoud, I feared, had kept his word in removing her from her late apartment; this thought held something so burning, so exquisitely keen, that horror and revenge drove my reason aside. I at last resolved to force the door of the subterraneous cell, which ever haunted my dismal and inquisitive imagination; yet what effort could I make? What adventure could I surmount? what protection could I afford Emily, unarmed as I was?

Who knows but I may meet with a sword in the armoury, I just now left?—

The thought was sudden; and suddenly

denly I pursued it—but could only find, after feeling about in the dark a considerable time, an old rusty dagger—with this, I was obliged to content myself; and deaf, with the noise of war, the rattling of chains, and the groans of troubled spirits, which came forth from the inner cells, put the dagger in my bosom with the hope of using it only in the cause of injured innocence.

The lamps, in that part of the Castle which was guarded by the sea, and near which lay the solitary cell I meant to explore, were still burning. This part could suffer no attack, but from naval force. And as it was remote, safe, and unfrequented, it was, at this hour of dreadful uproar,

uproar, unguarded; thither I hastily bent my steps.—

‘ Where shall I fly! Where is
‘ my dear, my unworthy Henry
‘ now?’ (said some person behind
me)—

“ Here” (said I, opening my arms
to receive the charming creature I
had been seeking, and who was
hastening on full of terror) “ come
“ to a heart that must be thine till
“ it has ceased to beat.”

She turned aside.—

“ Affected reserve! Can Emily
“ deceive herself and me, at so
“ painful—so tremendous a mo-
“ ment!—”

‘ Where

‘ Where is my dear—No ! no !—
‘ where is—’

“ Whom ? What valued object is
“ your heart thus panting after ?”

‘ The Cordelier.—’

“ Cruel maid !”

‘ I think I could be safe with him—
‘ I could die—his arms would shield
‘ my lifeless form from profanation ;
‘ on his bosom, sacred to love and
‘ duty—his—I might expire.—

She checked herself. I excused
her wild expressions.

‘ Can you save your life, Henry ?
‘ I shall never break the snares that
‘ entangle me ! I shall never go hence
‘ —Dormoud —’

A flood

A flood of tears forbad her tongue
to relieve her heart.—

‘ Hark ! What groans—did you
‘ hear, Henry ?’—

“ It is a night of horror, Emily ;
“ try to recollect yourself. — I must
“ lead you.”

‘ Where would you go ? May I
‘ not die here ?’

“ I have my reasons ; trust your-
“ self to my feeble protection—think
“ on the licentious Dormoud.”

Emily, I observed, grew faint—her
speech altered, and a cold tremor
shook her exhausted frame as she gave
me her hand with a sigh. I led her
to the statue of Louis the Just ; but
could

could not comfort her. The Cordelier's scheme I explained briefly ; and she blessed him. As she sat on the marble, which was fixed beneath the feet of the image ; I stood near in silent despair, with my hand in my bosom, grasping my dagger—but no prospect of life opened ; and I only thought of dying at her feet. Her beauteous cheek, which had so often been drowned with tears, by the severity of her various fate—she leaned against the wall, resigned, but not complaining. What a dreadful suspense ! What a trying tender moment for me, whose heart was melting with slighted love !

The cannonading, on the outside of the Castle, seemed to approach nearer at every discharge ! The towers were quitted by the garrison, and the

the ramparts left undefended, that the whole military force might unite within the outworks below ; but the battle raged with the most horrible fury at the gate of St. Petre. Sounds of bayonets, musketry, and shouts, mingled with the groans of the dying, made me shudder, and quite overpowered the unfortunate Emily.

I put my hand on her face—it was cold ! I rubbed her temples—her senses did not return ! I sat down and rested her head on my warm but joyless bosom.—

To my honour, thou mayst confide thy child, Count Marfan ! That honour, thy example, and thy precepts instilled into the soul of Henry, thy daughter shall regulate—I will be a brother to thy Emily.

Thus

Thus I sat, miserable and disconsolate, on the spot appointed by the Cordelier, and which I thought imprudent to leave, till the dawn. My tears fell on the pale forehead of my lovely charge—I could not restrain them! Who would not have mourned with me the extinction of so much beauty? To heighten this peculiar moment of intolerable anguish, I heard the trampling of many feet advancing towards us!—

“ Emily! Emily! try to revive!
“ —Yet thine is the pause of horror;
“ thy wearied spirit hails it—why!
“ why may not man lay down existence when it becomes a burthen!
“ Awake, Emily!—Ah, I am grown
“ cruel in bidding thee awake to
“ wretchedness!”

A deep

A deep and heavy sigh proclaimed, at length, the reluctance with which her troubled spirits returned to their task of life ; unhappy as we were, her revival gave me transport. How seldom do we compare the degrees of evil ! Smarting with the present, we look not forward for more ; we discern not the millions suffering with us ; we become darkened, contracted ; the intelligent power within is silent as if forbid to whisper comfort. This ebb of Nature, this languishment of her richest properties, is seen in every form she has animated, whilst feebly contending with mightier woe. And Nature herself has made this contraction of individual interest necessary ; for the more ideas which are born to wander, and images of the mind which are ever stealing back, are concentrated when she calls for force ; less,
in

in the same degree, will prove the opposing evil.

I had not, in this pity-moving scene, the power of comparing misery further than I felt it, for myself and Emily; even my parents were not remembered; their fate I tried not to imagine: nor did I attempt to draw consolation from the future. All was circumscribed to the gloom around me.

‘Where have I been?’ (said Emily, holding up her interesting face, and looking wildly at the expiring lamps.)
 ‘The lightning is over. I will now
 ‘return home—did the whirlwind root
 ‘up those trees?—My Father told me,
 ‘that Henry would take care of the
 ‘poor sheep—Oh! Oh!’

“Behold this beautiful ruin! ye tender Spirits! try to conceive agony like mine!”—

‘ Why did the thunder fall so heavily on my head? Take it off, Henry; do you not feel my temples burning?—I said I would go away from this place, and here I am lost—my feet are so entangled in these brambles—yonder is my brother! How cold he looks.—When you go home, Henry, tell my Father I will come soon.’

“ Compleat! compleat destruction!
“ Emily! my dearest Emily!”

‘ Ha!—they used to call me Emily!
‘ —I think I am Emily! Who am I?
‘ —Hark!’

A troop of soldiers poured back at this instant, like a torrent from the gate of St. Petre—I could not fly! Where was safety? Standing before
my

my distracted maid, with the dagger in my hand, I neither valued life nor courted death, but waited the event : darkness added to the horror, the lamps were some wasted, and some struck down ; and whether we were surrounded by friends, or foes, I could not discern ; and if both were mingled, it was here impossible to strike a blow with certainty, lest one friend should kill another.

“ Stand off, soldiers,” (said I resolutely) “ here is a treasure too sacred for your touch.”

They started, and wheeled round us in silence ; either supposing my treasure was of a kind not to be plundered with impunity, or that they waited the word of command. At any other moment I should have diverted

verted myself, at seeing so many men stand mute, merely with their astonishment—but my Emily's senses were gone!

‘Do not kill the child,’ (said she to one of the soldiers, in the most supplicating tone) ‘your fond mother, at home, must not pray for you, if you are a murderer!’—

“Bid your officers advance, brave soldiers—I would speak to one of them—I have much to resign. Come not yourselves.”

At the sound of my voice, I heard some persons, in the midst of the troop, bid them, ‘make way,’—and, in a moment, saw the Cordelier breaking through the circle.—

‘ Fly! fly Henry, your friends
 ‘ expect you—we are in danger of
 ‘ being cut off; our main force is de-
 ‘ feated, and Dormoud is attempting
 ‘ to surround the Castle with his
 ‘ troops, beyond the gate of St. Petre;
 ‘ should he reach it before we pass,
 ‘ it will close on us for ever! We con-
 ‘ quered Guempiere, and have taken
 ‘ him prisoner.—Fly.’

“ Save Emily.”

‘ I will! she is dear to my soul—’

The perturbation with which he delivered his words, convinced me of the immediate danger. Without delay we took Emily, between us, and in the midst of the Huguenots, some of whom advanced forward, whilst others guarded in the rear, we sallied thro’
 the

the gate. What a moment ! what rapture saluted me in the breath of new-born liberty ! Yet my heart did not welcome it as finished joy. Long injured to sorrow, I seemed fearful of trusting my change of situation ; so prone is the human mind to embitter present pleasure with apprehension.

In the last speech of Emily, I thought there was connexion, and formed some hope of her recollection ; I was not deceived when, with her beloved Cordelier, her fears were dissipated, and she grew composed ; but when beyond the gate of St. Petre, our difficulties increased. Besides trampling over the many slain, we found the covered-way broken in many places, the chasms occasioned by the fall of the earth, in some parts, and the mounds, rising to oppose us where the

earth was left collected in others, made our path dangerous, and our movement slow.

Some of our gallant party, who were susceptible of beauty, and impatient to preserve it, came forward to the Cordelier; observed how swiftly the strength of Emily declined, explained the danger we were in, and the necessity of our reaching the Duke of B**** before the break of day.

‘ Can I remove impossibilities ? My
 ‘ brave friends,’ said the Cordelier—
 ‘ No, Father,’ (replied one of them,
 who appeared to be an inferior officer)
 ‘ but you know me, my name is
 ‘ Randolph, of the fifty-ninth regi-
 ‘ ment, under the Duke of B****.
 ‘ Trust the lady to me, and I will,
 ‘ with the aid of some of my comrades
 ‘ in

‘ in arms, I swear to convey her safely
‘ to the Duke, or die.’

We had no cavalry, the situation would not admit it. Those brave men soon made us comprehend their meaning, by firing off their muskets, and making a kind of seat, or chair, with seven or eight of them, on which we placed Emily, and they bore her on.

Their resolution and alacrity, gave me the highest hope that they would soon be with the Duke; who I was certain would send some of his light troops to escort us; nor was I deceived, two of his principal officers, who had out-rode their companions, and were specially commissioned to conduct me, (allowing heaven had favoured my escape) appeared. Part of their order I waved; and earnestly

and peremptorily recommended Emily to their honourable guidance; they obeyed; and, when with their inestimable charge, they totally disappeared, my heart was relieved.

The foldiers who remained with us, reminded the Cordelier of the danger we should incur, by keeping a straight line, since it was probable the enemy, on finding the gate of St. Petre open, and the guards slain, would pursue us exactly in the straight line; an immediate order was therefore given, to turn to the right; and what more made a change of direction necessary, was, that we fancied dawn began to peep from the east, warning us to seek the woods. We had completely wheeled, and began our quick march, but had not continued it more than twenty minutes, when

when we were attacked in our rear by a strong body of infantry. I was now furnished with a sword—we turned about, but soon found undaunted bravery unequal to superiority of number. By the side of the Cordelier I fought, as another man would fight, who had an enemy to conquer; it availed nothing: our battallion was broken, the Cordelier was separated from me, by the force of superior numbers; and, whilst calling on me, a retreat was sounded. I was, that moment, rendered incapable of flying, by a wound received in my head, and after staggering back some paces, found myself half a mile from the battle; and laid me down on a hillock, fainting with pain; and there I became, every succeeding moment, weaker from a loss of blood; I at

last felt droufly, and heard the sound of battle no more.

How long I lay in this state, I know not. The next scene that presented itself to my dreaming senses (for nothing appeared real) was composed of the walls of my old apartment in the Castle, and Dormoud standing near my bed.

‘ Henry, you have undone me.—’

“ What have I done ?”—

‘ You have suffered Emily to escape.’

“ The soldiers carried her off—”

‘ How came you out of the Castle ?’—

“ Through

“ Through the gate of St. Pe-
“ tre—”

‘ And were you wounded in her
‘ pursuit?—’

“ I was—and feel I must die.—”

Dormoud seemed satisfied a little,
and left me—I heeded him not; I
was capable of no fearful impression,
but grew daring as I grew delirious;
and, in high delirium, I for some
days lost the sense of woe, but re-
cently gone by!—Weak as a babe,
I at last lay wasted and composed;
I now believe my wound preserved
my intellectual powers; what should
I not have done, under the impetus
of strong contending passions! What
indiscretion, what madness might not
have followed this dreadful disap-

K 5

pointment,

pointment ? This glimpse of liberty ? This return to horror ? Happily my strength and spirits ebbed, my loss of blood enfeebled the paroxysms of despair, and left me overcome by melancholy languor, which was sometimes pleasing from the listlessness I felt towards all external objects.

I raved no more for Emily ; she was for ever gone ! Like one awakened from a long unnatural sleep, the past seemed to have glided back through a vast period of time ; and the impressions of memory were so faint they gave me little uneasiness ; all that occupied me as I lay, was the endeavour of joining my broken ideas, for the grand purpose of imagining some sphere unknown—I really felt as if I had undergone a
great

great change, and that I had no more to do in this world. I suppose so uniform a state of tranquillity is peculiar to weak health and old age.

I had been taught to love the beauty of social order, and to heighten that beauty, when I could: and I had observed, from comparing the thousands, and tens of thousands of heavens, formed by the motley phantasies of wishing mortals, that those heavens were all to be differently peopled, as the people of imagination would have them.

Is it not a misfortune to my fellow creatures, that every one who draws a chart of heaven, different from that of his brother, should be so eager in pushing that brother back from

the promised land, that he wastes the precious hours in which he might be getting there himself? Surely if the generations of men, are for ever resolved thus to wrestle with each other, the gates of heaven will stand open in vain! Its seats of chrystal will have none to sit on them!—

I once met a friar of the mendicant order, as he was going to pay his compliments at the shrine of our Lady of Loretto; and I asked him where he was travelling?—

‘ Ah! my son! I am travelling to
‘ a better world!’

“ God speed you, good father!
“ And where is that man going
“ who is passing on yonder, with his
whistle,

“ whistle, without making obeisance
“ to the cross ?”

‘ He is going to perdition.’

I wished both these men a pleasant journey : and I wished I might one day get into the presence of my Creator, without the introduction of any man ; or any woman ; for is not human idea as confined as the winds, who murmuring roam ; and shall eternally roam, within a certain concave ?—They shall never burst !

And after all, said I, as I lay gazing at the sun, while he forcibly threw his glory on the cheek of morn ; after all the pride of man, how very small a portion of existence does he fill amidst such an infinity of beauteous worlds ! How few the

objects he is capable of comprehending; how light his attainments of seventy years! And must we merely, for so short a space, put forth our feeble capabilities, taste and die? If so, the fine, the exquisite ephemeris is man through his rich but momentous period; man but the ephemeris of seventy years.

Finding it impossible to gain consolation; or indeed to gain any thing that was not either full of the chaotic jumble known to ferment in the gulph of metaphysics; or insipid from the ignorance with which thought is obliged to mix—I took my water-gruel humbly from the hand of my nurse, whose soft blue eyes I observed were full of pity.—

“ Nurse;

“ Nurse; do you suppose I can recover ?”

‘ Ah ! Sir—I pray the Mother of the Creator for you !’

“ You are very good ; I wish for the power of proving my gratitude. Have you any female captives in the prison ?

‘ Only one, I believe, Sir—’

“ Is she handsome ?—”

‘ I never saw her face.’

“ Is she genteel ?”

‘ I only saw her in the dark, as I stood behind the Governor one night, when he gave in her provision ; no person but the Governor is allowed to see her.’

“ Is

“ Is she tall or short ? ”

‘ Tall—very tall—as tall as the Governor.’

“ In what part of the Castle is she lodged ? ”

‘ In the back part ; where we hear the sea—Bless me—it is such a dismal place ! I dread to go that side of the Castle—not only for that, but our Frapilvitte, the scullion, says a ghost haunts it ; and he never will go that passage after dusk.’

“ I can lay ghosts, Nurse ; you and I will watch the ghost, some night, when I am well.—”

‘ O my God !—watch the ghost ! I should die ! It would kill me ! ’

‘ No,

“ No, no, Nurse; you will not
“ die so easily; I will take care of
“ you.”

‘ Well then, you must not say a
‘ word to the Governor, nor to any
‘ one else, for Frapilvitte declares,
‘ it is the Governor that the ghost
‘ is looking for—’

“ Is it the apparition of a man or
“ woman? Nurse.”

‘ I cannot tell—I never heard that
‘ apparitions could be easily distin-
‘ guished.—’

“ Is not that very strange, Nurse?”

‘ I was used to hear my aunt
‘ Vinny say, that good spirits are
‘ always cloathed in white, and evil

‘ ones

‘ ones in black ; and that if ever she
‘ appeared again, we must expect to
‘ see her in white.’

“ Commend me to your aunt Vin-
“ ny, dear Nurse. Shut the door, I
“ would sleep.”

The simple creature immediately withdrew.—Under such an impression of black fancy, it could not be thought uncommon, or unnatural for my slumbers, that night, to be broken. The moon shone dimly ; my eyes were attracted towards the window, and I lay silently pleased with her pale reflection.

If spirits exist, after leaving their corporeal forms lifeless on the earth, why do they not hold communication with those they loved in life, and who
are

are doomed to breathe a little longer ? Why not return in whatever substance they may appear, and greet the afflicted friend once dearly valued ? Many ! very many spend the sleepless night in recalling the tender moments, the animated features, the soothing converse, which endeared the departed object, whilst living, and drag the imagination after it when gone ! And yet, I fear no spirit ever answers such soft anxiety ! Memory forces poor Fancy to form shadows ! The living must support affliction ; but the friends they loved, the friends they still adore in death, return no more to share in mortal sorrow.—

As I meditated thus, I thought my door slowly opened ! Coldness pervaded me ! Trembling and horror altered the very tone of my blood.

Some

Some secret assassin! some midnight executioner! Night! — Why must I die at night—and alone—how premature!—die in bed!—in a state so helpless—What have I done to summon malicious murder?

Endeavouring to force myself into more composure, I threw off the coverlid, sat up in the bed, and fixed my eyes on the door!—When, to complete the tremendous horror of the hour, I thought the ghost of the departed Marquis stood in the opening, with a pale and meagre countenance, smiling at me!

I stared for a moment; gasped, as if my breath was confined; wished to speak; my tongue was immovable; and my hair smarted at the roots.—Unable to convince myself, the
strength

strength of my gorgon-fancy grew intolerable, and I plunged to the middle of the bed, where I lay panting, nor ventured to put my head above the clothes; till, to my inconceivable comfort, I heard a cock crow that belonged to the Deputy Governor.—

‘ It faded on the crowing of the cock.’

This single line in Shakespeare, so timely quoted too, gave me courage. “ ’Twas there!—’Tis gone,”—said I valiantly. — Have I been so lately accusing the dead, to lie thus shivering and creeping at a visit from one of them. No —. I was not awake; I could not, positively, be quite awake. This, however, is the first time: if ever I am so honoured again, I will speak to it—I will solemnly speak to it in the name of every good and sacred

cred power. After arriving at this great resolution, I recollected, that as I had not happened to speak to it ; as I had not happened to convince myself, whether it was an apparition, it would be a little imprudent to mention my fright to Dormoud.

Besides that one probability, that my time may not be long in this world, he will call me the veriest coward breathing ; so, like many other respectable characters, I resolved to keep my own secret.

In spite of ghostly terror, and all the disadvantages of confinement, my wound, after suppuration, ceased to be inflamed ; and the tender hope that Emily was safe, lulled my stronger passions, and stole me into health.

The

The more impatient Governor, was not quite so well—He would frequently visit me; sometimes with features full of doubt and gloomy despair; and at others, softened by the sense of having lost all he wished for. I could not sympathise with him very sincerely: he only felt the sting of ungratified vice. Nor could I imagine, what would in future engage or interest his unprincipled mind, which was lately ameliorated and kept in harmony by the influence of virtue in Emily.

That the vicious may derive happiness from the virtuous, their two principles being heterogeneous, may appear a contradiction; yet such is the invisible sympathy of Nature, that Virtue can so associate with Weakness, that she renders Weakness amiable;

so

so mingle her beauty with Deformity that Deformity itself can please; so coolly touch the most inflammable passions, that the bosom, wherein they dwell, burns no more, but yields a genial warmth; thus Virtue teaches the vicious to be happy; yet they know not their comforter.

Poor Dormoud was deprived of all that could make him pleased with himself: consequently his undaunted spirit, being left to fierce exertion, and uninfluenced by lovely woman, he could know but little joy.

I quitted my bed, walked with him through the Castle, conversed on different subjects; and found, to my astonishment, that he entertained no suspicion of my vain endeavour
to

to escape. This confidence augmented my convenience; and I not only confined my walks to the lower pavements, but, after requesting the permission of Dormoud, would creep slowly up and peep over the battlements.

When questioning me minutely one day, respecting Emily, I threw the blame, (and what he termed treachery) on the Cordelier; because I knew the latter to be out of reach.

Dormoud told me, that he had long suspected the other to be an arrant deceiver; that he had heard some whispers of his never having any holy appointment—‘But’ (continued he) ‘as I shall to-morrow visit Le Tellier, perhaps the Cordelier’s

‘lier’s character may be better explained.’

“ I hope the insurrection is quite
“ subsided.—”

‘ We fear not. The opulent Huguenots are rapidly disposing of their estates throughout the kingdom. These sales are opposed and restrained by a state proclamation, whereby their lands are confiscated who leave France, their churches are shut up, and their consistories emptied—by applying the money to the support of the King’s hospitals, every severity (ill-timed,) is made use of for the purpose of making proselytes: whilst the Huguenots, on being forbid to quit a country wherein they are persecuted, collectively embody themselves

‘ in the small provinces ; their spirits
‘ fired by despair.

“ What kind of policy is this ?
“ I thought mal-contents, were, by
‘ wise and wholesome laws formed
“ judiciously for the support of
“ monarchy itself, allowed to leave
“ a country, renounce its statutes,
“ and its religion, when conscience
“ deemed such laws and such religion
“ oppressive ?”

‘ Were monarchs wise, such laws
‘ would be universal. Nature ad-
‘ vises a man to avoid his foe. Who
‘ would bind a serpent to his bosom ?
‘ We are not politic ; the mission-
‘ aries of our King only precede his
‘ dragoons ; the grandson of the
‘ minister, Chamier, who drew up
‘ the Edict of Nantes, has been

' broke on the wheel; and the in-
 ' tendant of Languedoc has caused
 ' the minister, Chomel, to be broke
 ' alive. Thus, whilst the breath of
 ' voluptuousness, the voice of me-
 ' lody, and the charms of beauty
 ' conspire to enervate the soul within
 ' the walls of the palace; whilst mag-
 ' nificence, pomp, polished manner,
 ' and assumed delicacy, relieve by
 ' refining pleasure, that it may not
 ' pall; the victims of barbarous zeal
 ' lie groaning along the frontiers.'

How liberal were those sentiments!
 I felt strong inclination to reveal my-
 self fully to this man, who related
 the miseries of the Huguenots in a
 manner I thought compassionating.
 My heart panted, and my words
 trembled on my lips; but some in-
 ward

ward dread seemed suddenly to draw back the chords of expression.

‘ You are silent, Henry—you fear
‘ to repose confidence in me. Are you
‘ acquainted with the nature of your
‘ own accusation?’

“ I am not.”

‘ Nor am I—Louvois, who is of
‘ mild and subtle nature, secret in
‘ machination, and inexorable in
‘ judgment, has only mentioned you
‘ as an Huguenot of the highest
‘ class, who must never see the world
‘ on peril of my head. Should he,
‘ or the Chancellor le Tellier, visit
‘ the Castle, you must bear my ill-
‘ manners, perhaps my severity, in
‘ their presence; it might cost your
‘ life and mine, were they to imagine

L 3

‘ me

' me your friend.—Heigho !—this
 ' bewitching fugitive ! How she rises
 ' on my wishes !—Teach me to for-
 ' get her, Henry—but—I will forget
 ' her !—I will drown her image in
 ' wine, or banish her—or bury her
 ' beneath the shrine of some more
 ' willing beauty. When I return, I
 ' hope to find you gay :

' Bring us down the mellow'd wine,
 ' Rich in years that equal mine ;
 ' Prithee talk no more of sorrow,
 ' To the gods belong to-morrow.
 ' And, perhaps, with gracious pow'r,
 ' They may change the gloomy hour.'

HORACE.

' Adieu—be as happy as you can.
 ' You see what a fine harvest I pro-
 ' mised myself, and could not reap
 ' it ; so it is—pursuing pleasure we
 ' but chace the wind.'

When

When retired for the night, I made comments, and formed conjectures on our foregoing conversation; the latter part of which, left me no room to doubt but the female prisoner, mentioned by my Nurse, was some favourite lady of Dormoud's; no man in the world, I believe, would have condemned himself for wishing to behold her—I honestly confess my curiosity was raised.

According to the description Faminée (so was the Nurse called) has given me, this concealed captivatreſs muſt be lodged near the ſubterraneous cell. I will, if poſſible, get a ſight of her, whiſt Dormoud is on his viſit to Louvois.—Yet why? Is the human mind ever reſtleſs if not enchained by the fine infatuation? Would I prepare new torments for

my heart?—O, Emily! how many days and nights must steal down the lonely course of time, before I shall cease to love thee!

Thus I sometimes mourned, and occasionally I reasoned with myself. To wear out a bad situation, and enjoy a good one, is all the wise can do, continued I, looking at the candle as it was blazing out its existence. I must bear this eternal imprisonment; but, when Heaven chooses to throw me a vagrant blessing, I will receive it with a smile.

Full of these good old maxims, my fortitude returned; and just as the bell struck eleven, I jumped into bed; not wishing to dream of Faminée or her ghost.

And

And yet Famminée came, with officious modesty, and tucked me in; nay, I thought she performed her office more carefully than usual.

“ Pray, Famminée, are you afraid the ghost of the Castle, or the white ghost of your aunt Viny, will run away with me ? ”

‘ Neither, Sir ; but before I go to bed I always see ever thing safe.’

“ Ah, Famminée ! I am easily secured.”

‘ I was just thinking so.—’

And Famminée was forgetting that the candle was melting over her fingers as she held it obliquely.

“ Go to bed—good night—do not
 “ fasten my door, [I never lock my
 “ door. There is something very
 “ cowardly in locking doors. Here
 “ is so much locking and snapping
 “ in this prison, that my ears are
 “ dinned. I hope you always lock
 “ yours, Famminée? Your sex and
 “ character are more sacred, you
 “ have strong reasons to be guard-
 “ ed—”

‘ Yes, Sir, but I wish—’

“ What do you wish ?’

‘ Only—’

“ What ?”

‘ Only—’

“ What only ?—Tell me instantly.”

‘ Only

‘ Only to hear you say your prayers.
 ‘ You are so good—your voice is so
 ‘ sweet I should think an angel was
 ‘ praying. Ah, Sir! I loved instruc-
 ‘ tion early, but my parents were
 ‘ poor, and I was neglected.’

“ Poor maid!—kneel down by
 “ my bedside, and we will pray to-
 “ gether.”

Famminée piously obeyed. I
 prayed for what every body prays
 for, except repentance, and for re-
 pentance I could not through my
 life see a necessity. Famminée pray-
 ed with me; and I had reason to sup-
 pose that her artless fervency went
 farther towards heaven than mine.—
 Our devotion, however, had one
 great and happy effect—for Fammi-
 née, with the most innocent, and so-

lemn countenance, declared, she should never more be afraid of apparitions, while such a holy and righteous gentleman, as myself, was in the Castle! Thus we see Virtue reproducing itself; and marking its own rewards not always as we expect, but in some mild direction, that proves no good action shall fall to the ground.

For my part, I believe composure followed piety. Sleep refreshing as the midnight dew to the sun-scorched flower, fell on my senses, and wrapped them from care, till the great bell struck One; this was a long doze for me, who seldom knew repose, but with breaks and startings that generally left me feverish.—

The bell had not struck two; I
was

was again yielding to slumber, when my door opened, and I positively saw a form like that of the Marquis.

“ I will be no longer the slave of
“ terror ! Give me, O Deity ! a por-
“ tion of thy divinity, if I am to
“ wrestle with immortal beings ! ”

The Marquis stood ! I gazed at him ! He was pale, but not altered ! I began to shiver ! He opened the door, back to the wall, and advanced one step towards the foot of my bed. Cold drops trickled from my forehead ; my lips were sealed, I could not speak—all was silent—yet he seemed to listen—still my eyes were fixed on him ! My whole soul was congealed into horrid attention ! He took a second step ; I thought his eyes shone.—

“ Good

“ Good God defend me ! Where
“ will this end ? ”

‘ Follow me ! ’—said he in a low
voice.—

His voice faltered ! It was tremu-
lous—I was immoveable !

‘ Follow me ! — Henry — follow
‘ me—’

This repetition was dreadful ! A
noise, like that of heavy iron falling
on a pavement, at that instant made
the Castle echo. The form started
from the door, and disappeared.

This is not mockery ! It is no il-
lusion ! I saw him—it was the Mar-
quis !—His hair—his placid features.
O heaven ! why is he disturbed !—
Why

Why return to this dreary earth?—why appear to me, who can afford no comfort? Can revenge stimulate æthereal bosoms? Can he thirst for vengeance? Seeing he can return to life no more! Or does he come to prepare me for the everlasting voyage!—for prospects hitherto unknown! Yes—a spirit like his can only be the harbinger of good, and I will speak to him.—

It was too late.—My courage came when the opportunity of exerting it was past; and, however brave I might reckon myself, I closed not my eyes, but gladly welcomed the morning.

Through the following day I was oppressed; a weight lay heavy at my heart; Dormoud perceived it when
he

he took leave of me, but ascribed my weak spirits to my weak health; his departure gave me relief, as I meant not to make him, or any other person my confidant in those nightly horrors of which I could not foresee the event. All was quiet through the the day: the melancholy that hung on me, sympathetically hung on every hour that passed by, and increased as night approached; so that I resolved not to go to bed, nor even to put off my cloathes.

With my candle burning, I sat reading till the clock struck two; this was a late hour! I still sat terrified and unhappy; solemn, as the grave, seemed this season of darkness! The ravens croaking on the battlements! The winds breaking on the neighbouring rock that
hung

hung his jagged head over the sea,
and breaking with hollow murmurs!

This may be the hour when shoals
of spirits are wafting on the buoyant
air! When all the actions of man-
kind are revealed to supernatural
beings! When those we have lost may
be looking down with heavenly pity
on the mind that mourns!

A tear, not due to the world,
would steal down my cheek! It was
a tender tribute to the memory of
the Marquis. Still I sat creating
phantoms; and, looking at intervals,
through the door which was a little
open, as if I wished for a visit from
the dead.

Though

Thou who hast listened fearfully
to the melancholy cricket!—

Thou who hast seen the coal-cof-
fin leap out of the fire!—

Thou who hast watched the wind-
ing-sheet in the candle!—

Thou who hast started at the mid-
night howl of thy dog Pompey!—

And, after collecting those awful
omens, hast put on thy wisest look and
said,—

‘ Somebody must die!—’

Conceive, if possible, my figure
in the chair! My hands trembling—
knees shaking — body cold—breath
gone—

gone—and mouth open—when I heard
footsteps in the passage!—

Lord have mercy upon me!

O that the morning was come!—

My candle almost extinguished!—

It burns blue!—

What shall I sit here for?—

I cannot move!

And, as I could not move, I positively sat shivering in the chair; when, to my astonishment, I saw Famminée pass my door hastily with a covered dish in her hand; my terrors fell off, my candle no longer burned blue; and, in attempting to stand upon my feet, I found I could
stand,

stand, I found myself as erect as ever I was.

The changes a man may go through in a few minutes are wonderful! From stupidity to wisdom, from inactivity to motion, from heat to cold, from life to death, and from death to life eternal; in which they say there can be no change; but then, I suppose, man ceases to be man.

However these consequences might one follow the other, I was very much inclined to follow Famminée; I doubted not but the good girl would look in upon me, on her re-passing my door, when she had done what she was going hastily to do: but I wished for more gratification; I wished to know whither she was going

going at such an unseasonable time, without a light too.

This is a critical minute!—A wiser mortal than myself would not know which way to turn. The Marquis may come, when I shall not be at home, if I follow Famminée!—What shall I do?

What would any man do? Would he wait tremblingly for a ghost, or pursue a woman in whose concerns he is interested?

The Marquis must visit me in some luckier moment—I must actually run after Famminée.—

I slipped off my shoes; threw my black-clock round me, pulled my white night-cap half over my face,
put

put out my candle, shut my door,
and stole lightly along the passage.

Famminée was just turning the corner of a long aisle, to go towards the subterraneous cell, when I had nearly over-taken her.

The lamp-lighter of the Castle had, like other faithful servants, in the absence of his master, taken *bon repose*, and had neglected the lamps in this solitary part—not one was burning; poor Famminée often halted; I invoked every saint, in whose guidance I thought she might be, to inspire her with courage enough to finish her business!

May the wicked turn from error—

May Famminée pursue the good;

Lest, in her retreat, she encounter evil!

My

My prayer, I believe, was heard !
And I as firmly believe that the effect of my piety was fairly shared between myself and Famminée. She went on faster, and I followed faster.

Again her fearful pauses, irregular step, sighs and shortened breath, sufficiently convinced me, that darkness might be felt. I prayed a second time ; she ceased to linger—took a fit of running ; and I, fancying she was near where she would be, ran too—

I was not deceived—Famminée made a full stop at a door I had never found out—It was fixed so neatly in the wall, behind a pillar, that it was imperceptible to all but the prying eyes of curiosity and deep design.

Here,

Here the affrighted Famminée, half dead with imagination, stood, and took from her pocket a ponderous key. And here I, at that moment, arrived speechless, and peeped over her shoulder!

Had my visage been like that of Medusa, crowned with all her basilisks, I could not have struck more horror into the soul of Famminée. Her neck slowly turned—her eyelids were expanded—and the balls of sight ready to burst from their sockets.—Whilst the terrors I had filled her with began to fill me with pity; and I was near being tempted to kiss away her ghastly surprise, when down fell the great key and the dish of provision from her hands; so rude a noise disconcerted my charitable design.—

Fam-

Famminée did not tarry while I could form another ; but ran swiftly back the way she came, without uttering a syllable ; I felt no inclination to follow her ; but took up the key and gathered up the fragments.

Now have I a chance of beholding this adorable, so carefully concealed by that cormorant in beauty ! Remain where thou art Dormoud ! Be faithful to thy plans of political power ; fix the reeling state ; do all thou darest, only give me leisure to gaze on charms meant to out-vie those of my Emily !—Hold !—continued I, resting the key in the door, did ever a man abruptly address a fine woman without wishing to inspire her with the sentiments he felt himself ? What sentiments fill my bosom at

this moment? None!—None in the world, but that of curiosity.—I declare my whole soul to be free from love! Woman! Faithless woman! shall conquer me no more!—But what a figure I cut?—To be sure it is not the best in the world—no matter—I'll try my fortune.

With a few more of such reflections, I unlocked the door; and, with some little glee, bore in my broken dish of fish or fowl, or some other sort of provision, I really knew not what it was—It was as I had it.—

Not one forlorn match-light could I see! Not one expiring ember! Not one love-enkindled eye, that often hangs, like Hesperus, on a night of woe! And, without any such advantages, what man could long preserve his courage?—

age?—Courage, I suppose, is like other human qualities; sometimes suddenly damped, and sometimes dying away of itself; however that may be, through a long course of trial with others, I felt my whole stock of courage swiftly impelling me backwards to the door by which I had entered; yet, trying to advance before I had lost it all, I felt about with my feet.—Neither chair or stool obstructed me, I might step as widely as I chose. I swept the walls with my hand, they were damp and cold; I felt several doors, but they were locked: concluding, from those mysterious circumstances, that here must be some private passage known only to the Governor and Famminée, I resolved to try whether the same great key would not unlock the other doors; and, on my first effort, one

of them opened on a long gallery ; at the distant end of which I saw a pale light feebly casting its rays through the unwholesome air, which was pent up in this gloomy place.

I stood irresolute—I forgot that I must at some future hour die ; but I was only the dastard of a moment. My better genius whispered, that Virtue alone could smooth my passage out of life : that time is of no value but to the good ; and that if my existence was cut off here, I should fall in the path which eternally leads to Heaven.

“ I am only anxious to relieve human misery,” (said I, resuming more courage)—“ I will go on.”

All

All my honest aspirations after beauty were, by this time, quite subsided. It was now a point of indifference to me, whether the prisoner, to whom I was carrying my dish of provision, was a gentleman or lady.

And yet, for one compassionate feeling, awakened in my bosom by a gentleman, ten would rouse for a lady.

As I advanced along this solemn gallery, towards the light at the end of it, the floor on which I stepped shook beneath my feet, groans of despair arose from the very centre, and my amazement was not to be expressed. Struggling with my terrors, I wildly rushed on, and entered into a kind of hall, where a lamp was burning on a black marble; here I

expected to behold a fellow-creature of some sort ! Saw nothing possessed of life. The hall was of oblong direction, in the floor of which were fixed several hinges and iron rings, by which appearances, I supposed, there were habitations beneath, suited to the torments of tyranny.

‘ Who comes ? ’ (said some person in a weak voice.)

“ *Famminée* ” (said I, attempting to deceive in a feigned voice.)

I heard no more—waited—looked around—no person came, nor could I exactly distinguish in which direction the voice had reached me.

“ Come forth,” said I, loudly—

Such

Such a heavy peal of chains saluted me, without the least sound of human language or complaint, that I was awfully convinced none could come forth who were imprisoned here !

Impatient at delay, and fearing dawn would surprize me, I seized the lamp, set it down near the iron rings on the floor, and thrusting the great key into one of the smallest, put my knee on the board, and, with my whole force collected, wrenched out the ring and drew up a narrow door.

Through this wonderful and solemn hour, I retained self-collection—I put my face down ; all was dark—I could hear no noise—not a sigh, or groan, all was impenetrable horror !

Discouraged, and disappointed, I removed the lamp; and was rising from the floor, when I observed some broken steps, lightly fastened with cords, so as to be taken away at pleasure, and down I went with the lamp in my hand.

This dismal descent was of much greater length than I could have supposed it. I at last alighted, not on pavement, or polished marble, but on human skeletons, whose bones were white as ivory with age!

“ Merciful Creator ! What could
 “ be thy purpose in making man ?
 “ Is it thus thy image can be so fre-
 “ quently broken and defaced ? ”

Like a statue I stood, as if at a loss to know why I came here; my understand-

derstanding was bewildered—I could not comprehend the tenor of my own actions—what was I pursuing? When was I to return? What could I be capable of in so dark a dungeon?—

Drawing a deep sigh, that relieved my heart, I ventured to turn my head a little on one side; when, to heighten my distress, I saw a figure leaning on a coffin!

I may not be believed; but I solemnly declare, that I could not distinguish whether it was man or woman! The robe or cloak was black; the face appeared to be entirely black—no part appeared mortal, except two white hands, on one of which rested the head of the figure, as the elbow lay on the lid of the coffin.

M 5

“ What-

“Whatever thou art, speak !” (said I, in a voice scarcely intelligible.)

‘ Who are you that come so abruptly to disturb my few remaining hours ? I am a man, and ask no consolation.’

“ That voice !—I have heard that voice !—”

‘ Be not discomposed ; you will soon cease to hear it.—’

“ If you can see, Sir, look up ; for the sake of Heaven raise yourself ! Look fully at me !”—

I drew the lamp aside ; and, to my astonishment, saw the face of the captive was concealed under a black mask !

At

At my request he altered his attitude—looked at me ; arose from his seat to observe my features minutely—and starting, exclaimed,

‘ Forbid it ! O forbid it pitying
‘ Angels !’—

“ Tremendous horror ! Can it be
“ —it is—it is my long-lost Fa-
“ ther !”—

I fell on his sacred bosom !—Miserable as we were, we felt all the pleasure affection could afford a son and father !—

A long silence ensued ; we were drowned in tears ; lost to the poor impertinence of words—Whence, my Father came, or how he was buried in this prison, was of no import. I

M 6

knew

knew his birth; I knew the cause for which he was doomed to suffer loss of freedom, and had a thousand questions been necessary, this was no season for cold recital.

It was consolatory; nay, it was felicity, to meet after so many tedious years. After struggling singly with inexorable fate, we could only articulate a few incoherent enquiries: half an expression, at such a moment as this, forcibly makes way to the heart.

Lamentation and condolence were ineffectual here; we did not indulge either. I took a view of this cell, but could find no window or aperture whereby my Father might draw air. He pointed to an opening very small

small and grated, through which the air came from the sea.

“ How long have you been here,
“ my dear Sir ?”

‘ Five years, I think, or more ;—
‘ but I was not kept up strictly till
‘ within a year past ; nor was I con-
‘ demned to this dreadful dungeon
‘ till within a few days past, when a
‘ rumour of rebellion kindled, and
‘ conducted by my brother the Duke
‘ of B****, caused me to be plung-
‘ ed from the light of day.’

“ Where is my dearest mother,
“ Sir ?”

My father sighed.

“ Does she exist ?”

‘ Do

‘ Do not ask me, Henry!’

“ If, Sir, it would not give you
“ pain, I—”

‘ Fear the worst, my son.—You
‘ remember when our credulity had
‘ lulled us in the snares of that treache-
‘ rous Abbess? You remember the
‘ night when you were borne from
‘ the house adjoining Emily’s con-
‘ vent?’

“ Too well. I have bitter cause.”

‘ Your mother and myself had
‘ yielded to repose, which was broken
‘ by the sound of the great bell in
‘ the convent. We arose, went to
‘ the window, and perceived a large
‘ body of men at the gate. We hur-
‘ ried to dress, hastened to your
‘ apartment,

‘ apartment, found only your appa-
‘ rel, and gave you up as lost for
‘ ever! Anxious to preserve my
‘ Eleanora, I hoped to escape with
‘ her into the forest, and leave her
‘ concealed among the thickets, un-
‘ der cover of the night, whilst I re-
‘ turned to learn your fate. The
‘ house was filling with foldiers. I
‘ took your mother by the hand, led
‘ her by chance down the back-stairs,
‘ and there meeting a poor young
‘ girl, who was a servant in the
‘ house, we earnestly implored her
‘ pity. Our appeal to her heart was
‘ sudden—she was surpris’d into com-
‘ passion; her eyes shot forth the fi-
‘ ner charities of the female charac-
‘ ter; and, without speaking, she
‘ conducted us through a kind of
‘ cellar, by which we got safely from
‘ the house, whilst the lights were
‘ increasing

‘ increasing and the uproar was
 ‘ high.

‘ In flying into the forest, we met
 ‘ an old man and his son, whose di-
 ‘ rection we requested, provided they
 ‘ knew the country. They not only
 ‘ gave information, but offered to
 ‘ conduct us; and we desired them
 ‘ to pursue no beaten path, but seek
 ‘ the deep part of the wood. The
 ‘ old man ushered on my dear wife;
 ‘ the young one, with his sword drawn
 ‘ (for he was a soldier) walked behind
 ‘ us.

‘ You will be amazed at the ca-
 ‘ price of Fortune when I tell you
 ‘ these two men were, the father and
 ‘ brother of poor ill-fated Anna!—
 ‘ She had informed us, that her fa-
 ‘ ther was gone to see her brother,
 ‘ who

‘ who was ill in an hospital. They
 ‘ had met.—Malnor was recovered,
 ‘ and they were returning to their
 ‘ cottage, wherein their lovely rela-
 ‘ tive was to be seen no more.

“ Malnor ! Sir !—Impossible ! He
 “ was a prisoner here when I came.”

‘ It might be so !—Malnor and his
 ‘ father continued to guide us into
 ‘ the thick part of the forest—our
 ‘ flight was vain ! We were over-
 ‘ taken by a party of dragoons. I
 ‘ was unwilling to surrender ; the
 ‘ soldiers were fierce ; and my Elea-
 ‘ nora, wild with apprehension for
 ‘ the man she loved, threw herself
 ‘ before me, and received the point
 ‘ of a bayonet aimed at my heart.
 ‘ She fell at my feet ! I threw my-
 ‘ self down by her, raised her droop-
 ‘ ing

‘ ing head, and called on her af-
 ‘ frightened Spirit! My anguish was
 ‘ terrible!—Eleanora whispered—

‘ Henry! my loved, my injured
 ‘ Henry, a long farewell!’—

‘ And spoke to me no more. Deaf
 ‘ to the threats of the ferocious sol-
 ‘ diers, I lay on the ground; the
 ‘ barbarians deemed my sorrows of
 ‘ no importance; and, after con-
 ‘ signing the breathless form of my
 ‘ angel-wife to the care of the old
 ‘ man, they bound his unfortunate
 ‘ son, and condemned him to share
 ‘ my future destiny. We were how-
 ‘ ever, consigned to different pri-
 ‘ sons, till within the last eighteen
 ‘ months.

‘ The

‘ The tears of the aged are rich !
‘ they are full of the remembrance
‘ of many years !—They plentifully
‘ rolled from the eyes of Malnor’s
‘ father.

‘ O good old man ! what can be
‘ said to comfort thee !—Thou art
‘ despoiled of all ! Thou knowest
‘ not thy bitterness of woe !—Thou
‘ art the harmless victim of guilty
‘ greatness ! The slaves of voluptu-
‘ ousness have caused thy venerable
‘ head to bow over the tomb of
‘ thy unoffending Anna. — She is
‘ gone !’

‘ Gone !—I left her at home—’
(replied the poor cottager).

‘ She is no more ! And, with me,
‘ thy generous son is doomed to be
‘ cut

' cut off from liberty. Do not weep!
 ' Bear life a little longer!—Thou
 ' hast been used hardly, very hardly,
 ' in this world—We know not why.
 ' Thou wilt soon turn thy back upon
 ' it, and thy Anna may welcome
 ' thee to another sphere.

' I charge thee to hold my Elea-
 ' nora sacred! Every angel, near the
 ' throne of the Creator, will look
 ' down and approve thee! Sit near
 ' her till morn; some pitying pas-
 ' sengers may assist thee in perform-
 ' ing her obsequies; and should they
 ' mourn over so much beauty, O!
 ' tell them, their every tear is pre-
 ' cious to the brother of their King.

' The soldiers started—Malnor at
 ' a distance, with his hands bound,
 ' observed a sullen silence—I was
 ' too

‘ too distracted to be explicit. The
 ‘ old man was earnest; would have
 ‘ said something of Anna; but the
 ‘ state hirelings, by which we were
 ‘ surrounded, hurried us from the
 ‘ scene, and left the father of Mal-
 ‘ nor bathed in tears near the form of
 ‘ my lamented Eleanora.’

What a tale was this ! Our sorrows were reciprocal.—Still I was not satisfied—my soul seemed to thirst for new horrors, as if an extensive knowledge of irremediable calamity could give ease. My father endeavoured with difficulty, to go on.—Frequent sighs, from his broken heart, interrupted him; but he informed me, that after a series of insult and oppression, Malnor and himself were put on board a vessel; and, upon landing, conveyed to this Castle, through

through a long and dismal passage,
cut out of the earth near the sea
shore ; and added,

‘ We were confined, the first night,
‘ in a subterraneous dungeon or cell,
‘ somewhere in this wing of the Cas-
‘ tle, into which we were forced
‘ through a small door in the rock ;
‘ it being judged necessary that I
‘ never should be known, nor even
‘ seen to enter this infernal prison.
‘ Malnor was not allowed to remain
‘ here, he was conducted to a sepa-
‘ rate prison. I know not whether
‘ the picture of your mother was
‘ stolen from me that night, or whe-
‘ ther I lost it in that den—it was
‘ gone from my bosom in the morn-
‘ ing, when this mask was fixed on
‘ me for ever to remain ! My fea-
‘ tures, thus concealed, I was per-
‘ mitted

‘mitted to ascend, and sometimes
 ‘walk on this side the Castle, but
 ‘never allowed to speak, on the pe-
 ‘ril of being shot; for the obser-
 ‘vance of this, a man alway sattend-
 ‘ed me with a loaded pistol; but
 ‘here guards would be superfluous.
 ‘I am not expected to survive long;
 ‘my coffin is provided, at my re-
 ‘quest; here I linger neglected and
 ‘forgotten.’

Taking the picture of my mother
 from my bosom, I pressed it to my
 lips with tender reverence; and, on
 my knee, once more restored it to a
 heart impressed with her image!—
 We could not speak.—

My Father’s eyes alternately wan-
 dered from the picture to me—he
 looked wildly—I was terrified at the
 conflict

conflict I saw him endeavouring to support.—

‘ Departed angel ! I shall soon be
‘ with thee !’—

“ O my Father—”

‘ Grieve not, my Henry ! I am
‘ consoled with the idea of meet-
‘ ing my Eleanora beyond the grave.

“ Try to hope !—Try to live, my
“ dearest Father !—My uncle, the
“ Duke of B**** will persevere !—
“ will deliver you—Let me rouse
“ you from dejection !”

To strengthen my supplication, I
hastily related the wonderful chance
by which I secured the great key ;
Famminée’s terror, on supposing she
had

had seen a ghost; Dormoud's absence; the favour I was in with him, and my hope of secretly administering comfort.

My Father had much to say; I waved his enquiries, but hinted that I was a prisoner for life.

' Noble Henry! How worthy a better fate!'

" Weep not for me, my dear Sir!
 " —hope!—I will try to draw you
 " from this dungeon; I will footh
 " Dormoud on his return; I think
 " he is a stranger to my birth; and
 " we need not reveal that secret;
 " but I will visit you at midnight,
 " bring you comfort, invite you to
 " eat, invite you to live for my
 " sake!"

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N

My

My Father faintly smiled, and suppressed a sigh.

Fearing the day would break, I bade him adieu for the moment; ascended, fixed the ring in the floor, and left all in appearance as I found it.

My heart melted with tender anxiety over my sacred treasure. Here was an object for me to live for! Here was a Father! my soul so lately desolated by faithless love, welcomed the heavenly joy of filial piety.

Great Power! Permit me to save him! Support him! Command him to live!

Thus did new objects of affliction, instead of depressing, call forth my exertions: I was animated; my feelings were too sublime to be brought down by dismay.

On

On entering my apartment, I gave a loose to that silent and unavailing grief due to those we love, and must behold no more ! But doubly poignant when claimed by the shade of an amiable mother !—For her my tears often pensively fell ; yet I resolved to restrain them when in the presence of my Father ; should Heaven allow me to steal upon him in the midnight hour.

Famminée had not met a person, above her own level, in whom she could repose more confidence than she could in me. I was pleased with her innocent frankness. She appeared to have no vice to conceal ; and all her actions spoke simple goodness of heart—such characters meet the invidious sneer of grovelling and superficial spirits ; who are gay without

wit, and vain without wisdom. But I wished to shun every ungenerous sentiment, and was delighted in contemplating a mind that never shrunk from investigation. Indeed, had Famminée made the bosom of Henry the repository of any wayward passion, he would have taught her to conquer, not have betrayed her—But Famminée felt no wayward passion beyond her own controul.

Pale as death, and trembling with terror, she ran to me early in the morning; and, in broken language, hurried through the story of the past night; solemnly protested, she had seen the apparition; that he had looked over her shoulder, and that she thought his eyes were as large as saucers.

“ You

“ You certainly compute by fear,
“ Famminée. But be secret ; speak
“ of this to nobody but me. Who
“ knows but the ghost may reveal
“ some hidden treasure ; if so, I pro-
“ mise, you shall have it all.”

What most excited my risibility,
(and I would have given much for
the indulgence of an hearty laugh)
was Famminée’s solemn account of
the loss of the great key ; the dish,
and even the provision.

I affected to look surprized, when
I was nearly convulsed with the broad
humour of the moment.

‘ Bless me, Sir, where could it go
‘ to ? I could find nothing this morn-
‘ ing. All gone ! All vanished !’

N 3

I again

I again advised her to be silent as the grave on all she had seen; and to contrive, with Trappillvitte, how to procure another key, before the Governor returned, lest disagreeable questions might be asked, and correction ensue.

She thought my judgment good; we took off the lock, I gave her money. Frappillvitte, did as she bade him, and in seven hours a key was procured. But Famminée extorted my promise to accompany her, when at 'dead night' she was obliged to carry food to the dismal side of the Castle.

"Why are you ordered to go at night, Famminée?"

"Because, Sir, one of the prisoners,
nobody

‘ nobody knows nothing about but I
‘ and the Governor.’

“ Is it the lady, you mean ?”

‘ Yes, Sir.’

“ Are you certain it is a lady ?”

‘ Not quite ; I only saw a tall per-
‘ son in black, as the door was half-
‘ open ; that person is now removed
‘ to a deep apartment ; and, if I had
‘ not lost the key, I should not have
‘ seen any more ; for the Governor
‘ ordered me to slide the food down
‘ through an opening in the floor
‘ made for the purpose.’

‘ I was now convinced that Fam-
minée had mistaken my Father for
a lady, whilst he was suffered to oc-
cupy one of the front cells on this

side the Castle; and doubted not but it was his voice I had heard pronounce the name of Henry, and his coffin I had seen with the lamp upon it.

After encouraging this timid maid, by every assurance of my future friendship, she departed to pursue her avocations. I read through the morning; arranged my little history thus far, and concealed it; and went to sup with the Deputy-Governor.

Dormoud, he informed me, was expected at the Castle in the morning; I was pleased, for I hoped to soften the rigour with which my Father was treated.

Dormoud had owned himself to be held by no one principle to any object

ject. He appeared to be virtuous, or vicious, in obedience to circumstance : if he did an action for the good of others, it was by accident. He was also a villain by accident ; ' So are my superiors,' he would have said, had I reasoned thus with him.

If I can, by accident, convert thy cruelty into mercy, Dormoud, my act may prove to thee a polar star. Thou may'st look up to it when thy little bark puts off from the world ! In truth, I meant to prove that Loyalty is vice, when trampling with audacity on the meek bosom of Innocence. And to seduce Dormoud from that fidelity which professionally made him a murderer.

I returned to my chamber, and

waited for Famminée. The hour at length arrived when she was to attend my Father; I accompanied her, we passed through the long gallery in profound silence; came into the hall, where the solitary lamp was continually kept burning; and here Famminée placed the little rush basket, in which were refreshments for my Father, on a loose board, that bent down through a cavity with its weight; and, when lightened, flew up again, by a spring, to its first position.

This was not a moment for me to speak to my Father; not a word passed. I impolitely forgot to converse with Famminée as we returned; but I imprinted the kiss of peace on her cheek as I left her at the door of my apartment.

The

The bell had struck one—I had put out my candle as if I meant to be retired for the night; but, when all was still, I took viands I had prepared in the day, more delicate than those allowed my unfortunate Father, and set off again quietly for his dungeon.

I had laughed at Famminée's mistaking me for a ghost, yet must honestly confess, I was not quite cured of that same sort of imagination respecting the Marquis, since I knew nothing like him but the figure I had seen. I dared not to carry a light—began to be plaguily disconcerted; wished for Famminée, and gradually lost all that was man about me.

I am afraid! (said I to myself) I

N 6

cannot

cannot help it!—When a boy I could whistle whilst tripping through a church-yard by night—Can I whistle now?—No—

Too proud to yield; and too feeble to conquer the powers of chimera that floated on my fancy, I slowly advanced, and had nearly reached the pillar, behind which the door was fixed that I had entered only an hour past with Famminée. Strange caprice of the human mind! Strange that it so seldom depends upon itself. Surely invisible Beings come around us in solitude, and Nature is overpowered, we know not why! I really felt differently than when accompanied by that defenceless maid.

I stooped to put my little lot of cates and cooling fruits on the floor,
whilst

whilst I took out my great key; and, raising myself up, saw the form of the Marquis, actually placed upright against the door!—

Down I dropped on my knees. I had not the least idea of braving an immaterial Spirit; and forgot to take to my heels, as Famminée had more wisely done.—All the snows of Rhodope, melting on my head, could not have congealed me more compleatly.

The Marquis, in awful silence, took up the fruits!

‘ Why what a coward you are
‘ grown, Henry!—give me your
‘ hand.—

I burst into tears.—

‘ What

‘ What melts your spirit, Henry ?
 ‘ Why do you weep, when you
 ‘ should be brave, and self-prepared !
 ‘ —You tremble.’

“ O ! I am—I am a coward ! Ten
 “ thousand feelings make me so !”

‘ Rise ! Rise Henry ?—I come not
 ‘ from another world—’

“ Is it possible ?—Can you be the
 “ Marquis ?”

‘ I am the Marquis—I am that
 ‘ man who once saw you at Cartha-
 ‘ gena, bravely defending yourself
 ‘ against the ruffians of the night.
 ‘ Come to my heart—I now know
 ‘ your value.’

Trembling, yet obedient with a-
 stonish-

stonishment, I made a reluctant advance—he held me to his bosom—I was convinced of his mortal identity.

“ I saw you in your coffin.—What
“ miracle preserved you ? ” —

‘ Malnor preserved me.—I must
‘ be brief. — You must go with
‘ me.—’

“ Tell me in few words.”

‘ Awakened by the rumbling of
‘ the herse, or because I had slept
‘ my nap out (I cannot tell which)
‘ symptoms of life were discovered
‘ in me by poor Malnor, in two
‘ hours after we had, in direful caval-
‘ cade, left the Castle-gate. Malnor
‘ had purposely left open the cover of
‘ my

‘ my coffin—You had given him a
 ‘ purse of Louis d’or—He bribed
 ‘ the venal attendant who was to see
 ‘ me interred in the chapel of St.
 ‘ ***; and, taking me instantly into
 ‘ a low house, in a valley, chafed
 ‘ my cold limbs till I returned his
 ‘ tender assiduities with a sigh.’

“ Wonderful deliverance !”

‘ It is as wonderful, that Malnor
 ‘ forced me to swallow a liquid which
 ‘ caused me to throw up that load of
 ‘ deadly poison, which had lain con-
 ‘ gealed in my stomach for more
 ‘ than forty hours. Allons—quick
 ‘ —follow me—’

“ I may not follow you—Go—”

‘ Heaven forbid !—’

“ I have

“ I have a Father—”

‘ A Father!—He is dead!—Malnor, who was imprisoned with him, told me he had not seen him for some days before we left the Castle, and that he must have been secretly executed.’

“ But my Father breathes yet, in
“ a dismal dungeon near us.”

I unlocked the door; the bell of the Castle rang, and we observed, through the grated window that looked over the sea, that morning had tinged the horizon.

“ It is too late!—Fly, my dear
“ Marquis.”

I obey.

‘ I obey.—The Duke of B****
‘ will rejoice—We are in ambush
‘ along the beach.—Adieu ! Be chear-
‘ ful ! By the mighty soul of uni-
‘ versal love, I will return or die !—’

The great bell again rang a louder peal — We heard the guards ; and darted from each other like two agitated spirits, who, in different directions, are sent to finish an important work.

Here was a long and lonely night passed away by my dear expecting Father, without seeing me ! Yet how were the hours filled up by hopeful circumstance in his favour ! He was languishing in despair, a stranger to the mysterious labours of his fate ; I detained from affording him temporary comfort ; whilst from disappointment,

ment, and seeming severity of fortune, the Father of Pity was deducing good, that we might be taught to trust and to adore.

I concealed my key, slipped off my clothes and went to bed, that I might be found in a secure and harmless situation by the soldiers, who were to go the morning-round.

I had supported the strange events of the two preceding nights with much fortitude. My intellectual powers were strained as high as Nature would allow them to go: Nature herself unbent them on my pillow; while the shadow of Hope passed over me, and I lay dissolved in sleep till the clock struck twelve in mid-day.

Happy

Happy for me to be found so quiet! —Dormoud had arrived full of hurry and anxiety. His first enquiry was for me; his second for Famminée, who blushed, and told him she had acted agreeably to his commands. All was right so far.—The Governor was composed, and invited me to dine with him.

Captivity was now centering her horrors! Speedily bringing her victims within a narrow focus, that they might more exquisitely taste her mental anguish! I had marked her progression, through the slowness of time, as she crept on, accumulating misery for my Father and me. How feeble was my opposing! How incapable was I of rending the snares in which we were entangled. Yet
Hope

Hope would not flatter, when Reason
saw no safety.

Hope! Thou gentle whisperer.—
What would man be without thee!
too often does he rudely banish thee
to wo^o despair.—Yet, to his troubled
soul, thou wearest an eternal smile;
ever busy in holding back the storms
of life. The hour of absence is
thine! Angels taught thee to plead!
Thou art the first born of Love! the
universe is full of thy breathing.—
Yet even thou can bring the form of
Emily no more!

My fine soliloquies would not do.
I was desponding.—To arrange words,
make them trip after each other ea-
sily, and call a multitude of them
Eloquence, is very pretty. But, Oh!
when the soul sits high amidst her
stubborn

stubborn virtues; when she braves the arrows of an injurious world; language, beneath her, is as the murmurs of the rivulet.

I arose to dress; sat down again on the side of my bed; felt much reluctance to obey the invitation of the Governor, and a kind of presentiment, that I never more should dine with him—I had no bequest to make—my papers were all I valued. I once thought of enclosing them in a small box, and throw them, with the picture of my mother, into the sea; but I had given the picture to my Father, and had neglected to provide the box.

“No matter” (said I) “it can be of no importance to the world or me.”

These

These reflections brought to my remembrance, that part of the dream of Publius Cornelius Scipio, where he supposes himself to be conversing with the Spirit of his father Paulus, his elevated address (though a heathen) was pathetic, and served me well.—I was sad; my soul would have pointed forward, and I could have exclaimed with the younger Scipio, whose language was impressed on my memory when a boy.

‘ Tell me’ (says he) O, most excellent and most reverend father!
 ‘ since only to be as thou art, is to
 ‘ live: why may I not hasten to join
 ‘ thee?’

‘ It must not be’ (answers the Spirit of Paulus) ‘ for unless that God,
 ‘ whose temple is the whole expanse,
 ‘ shall

' shall free thee from that bodily
 ' cloister, thou canst have no access
 ' hither. For such is the law im-
 ' posed at the hour of creation on
 ' human kind, that mortals maintain
 ' their station on the orb called
 ' Earth; which is situated in the
 ' midst of this expanse. For this
 ' purpose hath Spirit been imparted
 ' to them from these inextinguish-
 ' able fires, which you call constel-
 ' lations and stars, which being of
 ' globular and rotund form, and en-
 ' dowed with divine intelligence,
 ' perform their respective courses and
 ' revolutions with wonderful velo-
 ' city. Wherefore it is your duty,
 ' O Publius! and that of all the
 ' pious among men, to retain your
 ' soul within the prison of your body,
 ' and not to remove from mortal life
 ' without the leave of him who en-
 ' dowed

‘ dowed you with that soul ; lest you
 ‘ should seem to desert that depart-
 ‘ ment of duty allotted to you by the
 ‘ divinity. * * * * *

‘ * * * * * If this ha-
 ‘ bitation appear to you diminutive,
 ‘ raise your contemplation to the di-
 ‘ vine abodes ; despise what the
 ‘ Earth presents. For what celebri-
 ‘ ty, what solid glory can you expect
 ‘ to obtain from man ? You see the
 ‘ dwellings of your fellow creatures
 ‘ on earth ; how thinly scattered ;
 ‘ how circumscribed ! And even those
 ‘ specks, (by them termed king-
 ‘ doms,) which they do inhabit, are
 ‘ so interspersed with extensive de-
 ‘ serts, the inhabitants so separated ;
 ‘ cut off from mutual intercourse,
 ‘ strange in their relative situations ;
 ‘ some in oblique direction, others
 ‘ turned from you, and others again

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O

‘ directly

‘ directly opposite, that from such
 ‘ beings the glory you can expect to
 ‘ acquire, can be but as the vapour
 ‘ of the morning. * * * * * can
 ‘ your fame soar beyond that Cau-
 ‘ casus? Who will waft it across the
 ‘ Ganges? What inhabitant of the
 ‘ other parts of the East, or of the
 ‘ West, or of the North, or of the
 ‘ South, will ever hear your name?
 ‘ Yet take but these away, what a
 ‘ small compass is left within which
 ‘ your glory can expand itself! Even
 ‘ your friends, who now sound your
 ‘ praises, how long will they continue
 ‘ to sound them? Should their chil-
 ‘ dren be inclined to hand down the
 ‘ character of Publius Cornelius Sci-
 ‘ pio, transmitted to them by their
 ‘ ancestors, to late posterity, still
 ‘ through inundations and conflagra-
 ‘ tions of the Earth; which, in the
 ‘ course

' course of time must necessarily hap-
 ' pen, you never could attain a last-
 ' ing, much less an everlasting re-
 ' nown. Nay, of what signification
 ' is it, that those who are yet unborn
 ' are to talk of you? Since none of
 ' the prior races of men will ever
 ' have breathed your name? Men,
 ' not less numerous; men of higher
 ' worth, and of those who are anxi-
 ' ous to found your fame, remember
 ' Scipio. Not one man's memory
 ' can take in entire the occurrences
 ' of a single year. Rest not then on
 ' human glory, let Virtue attract you
 ' towards other spheres.

' Of those who have devoted them-
 ' selves to enervating Pleasure; who
 ' have kneeled to Vice, while she
 ' threw fetters on them, who have
 ' done violence to the laws of order

‘ and of Heaven ; their impure
 ‘ Spirits, parted from the body, roll
 ‘ groveling round the circle of this
 ‘ Earth, till they have exhausted the
 ‘ torments of many ages, when they
 ‘ may return to these regions.’

SCIPIO'S Dream.

Thy maxims, noble Roman, would
 make an excellent contrast to the creed
 of royal tyranny ; thy self-denying
 precepts have borne me out a little, but
 I question much whether I have not
 struggled in vain—I should not think
 so, could I preserve my Father !

Not expecting that the existence of
 myself or my Father would ever be
 proved to the world, I concealed my
 papers in the lining of my waistcoat,
 uncertain of my fate from one hour
 to another. This trifling preparation,
 which I thought the last, took up
 the

the morning ; and I was still musing on life so vainly spent, when Dormoud's messenger summoned me to dinner.

Politeness was the soul of this man ; it threw around him a kind of inspiration, which animated the pensive, rendered the timid confident, and suspended care : yet I perceived (for the first time) his gaiety was assumed. He was not, at this hour, the compleatly-hardened libertine. He paid me every attention ; was more than usually officious, and in haste committed blunders at table which spoke him not at peace within. Wine was his panacea—wine gave his acme of hilarity—he drank plentifully, and grew wild, without being convivial.

I had hoped to steal upon his softer feelings, in favour of my dear un-

happy Father. The hours rolled on whilst he was languishing! Every moment was an age!—The discomposure, fits of musing, and sudden starts of the Governor, conspired to repel my fond impatience.

‘The Cordelier was a d—ned impostor, Henry.—’

“An impostor, Sir—”

‘No more a Cordelier than I am.—’

‘So, you see, the cloak of Religion,
‘the cloak of Justice, the cloak of
‘Loyalty, with every other cloak
‘equally good in themselves, are
‘meant for nothing but to wrap up
‘Vice, which else could stand naked
‘to the broad-eye of the world.’

Dormoud always thought like a man in the world—I like one going out of it.

“The

“ The Cordelier a villain ! Poor
“ Emily ! How self-deceived.”

‘ True camelion holiness.—What
‘ an idiot I was to be foiled at my
‘ own weapons.— I had prided my-
‘ self in wearing hypocrisy with more
‘ grace than any man — lose so fine
‘ a girl — but she must have been
‘ willing as himself.—’

“ Yes, yes ; or she was willing e-
“ nough — curse the Cordelier for
“ deceiving her.”

‘ I think he rather deceived me,
‘ Henry.—’

“ All, Governor — we are all his
“ dupes.”

‘ Well

‘ Well — other beauties will be
 ‘ kinder. — I’ll think no more of the
 ‘ little perverse fool — Besides, I have
 ‘ more serious business on my hands
 ‘ — I shall be good for nothing till
 ‘ ’tis over. — ’

One of the guards brought a paper;
 gave it to the Governor and withdrew
 — On perusing it Dormoud turned
 pale, yet affected to smile when he
 looked at me; and, with his usual
 levity, said, ‘ Let us not anticipate,
 ‘ we will have the hour out; it is
 ‘ time to strike when the moment
 ‘ comes. Henry, take your glass — ’
 I excused myself. — He continued —
 ‘ We have some prisoners here, whose
 ‘ existence is supposed by the cabi-
 ‘ net, to give the Huguenot party
 ‘ new vigour — they are to be taken
 ‘ off

‘ off—no matter how soon—their lives
‘ have long been hanging on despair.’

“ Of what importance can the life
“ of any captive within these walls
“ prove to the Huguenots?”

‘ Inasmuch as they are known to
‘ scorn the ruling power—The ruling
‘ power will act upon them: thou-
‘ sands suffer from the same impulse,
‘ and are swept off. Not that they
‘ deserve death, but they stand in the
‘ way, and must be removed, lest they
‘ impede the ambitious course of
‘ others. Have you seen our Execu-
‘ tion-Hall?’

‘ I will shew it you after supper.
‘ I seldom enter it by day; for if I
‘ am even suspected of going along
‘ that gallery, innumerable whispers
‘ are

‘ are immediately raised, and curiosity is upon the watch, yet I have cautioned all who are in the Castle never to pry into state-design. What is your idea of death ?—’

“ Life has no conception that can reach it : we rest on its appearance.
 “ How various in its mode of operating on animated Nature.”

‘ The manner of dying *here*, is generally left to the choice of the condemned person, when once, in the Hall of Execution ; and every point of obsequiousness is observed by the guards, who attend, till that choice has had its effect.’

“ Polished cruelty ! mockery of compassion.” “ For my own part,
 6. “ I have

“ I have frequently reflected, yet
“ never could determine on the most
“ eligible way of leaving the world.”

‘ That which will most suddenly
‘ dispatch you.’

END OF VOL. III.